Bureau of Rolls & Library,
AUG 28 1895

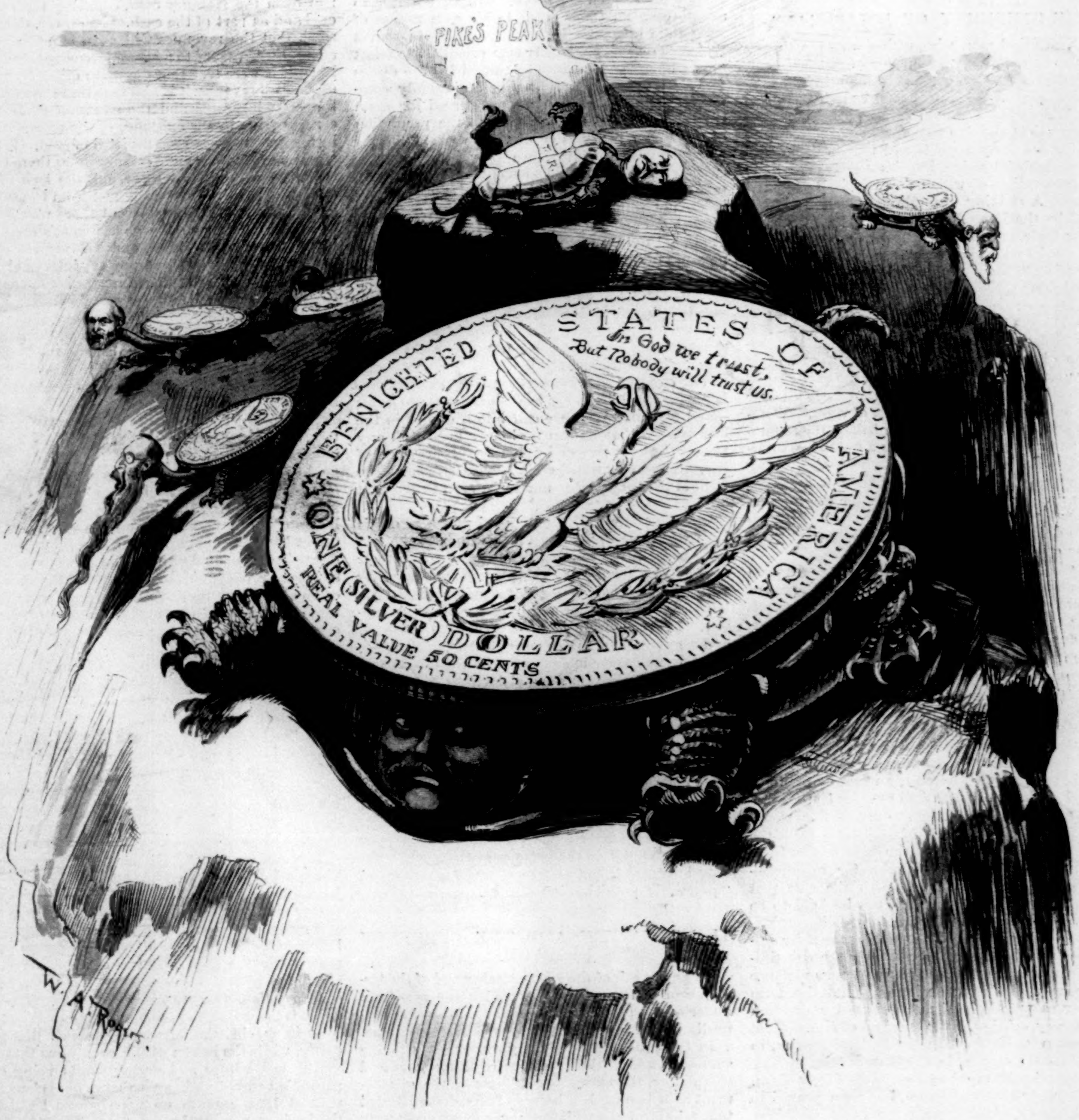
LIBRARY
AUG
28
1895

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXIX.—No. 2019.
Copyright, 1895, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1895.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.


PIKE'S PEAK
BENIGHTED STATES OF AMERICA
In God we trust,
But nobody will trust us.
ONE (SILVER) DOLLAR
REAL VALUE 50 CENTS
W. A. Rogers.

TIME TO SHUT UP.

Wolcott. "There has been too much talk about Silver."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 31, 1895.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

CONTENTS, NO. 2019.

CARTOON. Time to Shut Up. W. A. Rogers.
EDITORIALS.
"VALKYRIE III." UNDER KETCH RIG. Drawn by M. Burns.
"VALKYRIE III." IN DRY-DOCK. From Photographs.
WITH THE CANOEISTS. Ill'd. W. P. Stephens.
LIFE AND LETTERS. W. D. Howells.
EX-JUSTICE WILLIAM STRONG. With Portrait.
THE SPANISH MINISTER IN THE Cuban Insurrection.
ELECTRICITY AND TRANSPORTATION. Ill'd. Jno. Gilmer Speed.
HIS FATHER'S SON. Serial Story. Eighth Instalment. Ill'd. Brander Matthews.
PRIZE-FIGHTING IN THE OLDEN Times. Laurence Hutton.
AROUND THE WORLD WITH the Transportation Commission. India—Northwestern Provinces. Illustrated.
AN IMPURE SOURCE OF BROOKLYN Water. Illustrated. Barnet Phillips.
A RECENT JOURNEY THROUGH the West. Third Paper. Progress in City Rule. New Law for Minnesota Cities—Cleveland's Federal Plan. Julian Ralph.
A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX. Serial Story. Part III. Ill'd. J. K. Bangs.
INTERNATIONAL CHESS AT HASTINGS, England. With Portrait. John D. Elwell.
THIS BUSY WORLD. E. S. Martin.
AMATEUR SPORT. Caspar W. Whitney. With Illustrations of *Defender* in Dry-dock. Tennis at Newport. Polo. Etc.

THE STUPIDITY OF POLITICIANS.

A BUSINESS man who, with open eyes, throws away a dollar for the purpose of getting a cent, will, with the general consent of mankind, be called a fool, and his credit will soon be reduced to nothing. That business man is in no sense a greater fool than the politician who, for the purpose of winning for his party a small and temporary advantage of doubtful value, impairs the capital upon the preservation of which depends its credit and success. A striking example of such folly is furnished by the Republican politicians who at present tax their wits and their energies to the utmost to emasculate the civil service law for the purpose of securing to their party, or rather to the controlling machine thereof, a few paltry offices. The Republican party pretends to be the champion of "moral ideas" in general and of civil service reform in particular. Whatever may become of this pretension when critically examined, there are a great many people who believe in it, and the existence of this belief is worth to the Republican party all over the country uncounted thousands of votes. Without the votes influenced by such beliefs the Republican party would perhaps be in a hopeless minority. The Republican politician who does anything to destroy these beliefs strikes at the vitality of his party; and if he does this merely for the purpose of securing a few salaried places, he simply throws away a dollar for the purpose of getting a cent, and a sham cent at that.

Republican politicians of the PLATT persuasion in this State are zealously engaged in this sort of business. Our late Constitutional Convention put into the Constitution a clause providing in a general way that under the State and municipal governments subordinate places shall be filled upon the ground of merit, such merit to be ascertained so far as practicable by competitive examination. The Constitutional Convention was controlled by a Republican majority, and the Republicans claimed credit for this onward step in the way of civil service reform. It was a conspicuous feather in the cap of their party. The efforts made by the tools of the Republican boss to pull out this feather present a curious spectacle. Not only do they struggle hard to obtain all sorts of exceptions from the constitutional mandate—in the case of the State Superintendent of Public Works, for instance—but they have sought to establish the rule that competitive examinations shall not be held to be practicable in the case of offices or public employments drawing a compensation less than four dollars a day. This would be killing the constitutional provision by an act of murderous violence in the way of interpretation. What the term "so far as practicable" means is not a question of arbitrary opinion, but a question of fact. What has been actually done in the Federal service, in our own State service, in the State service of Massachusetts, in the municipal services of New York, Brooklyn, Buffalo, and so on, has been proved to be practicable. And it was, beyond any possibility of doubt, intended by the Constitutional Convention that the competitive rule should be held to be practicable wherever it had been actually applied, and in a great many cases in which it had not yet been applied; in other words, that it should be extended and not restricted. Inasmuch as the competitive system has actually and successfully been applied in innumerable cases to offices drawing less compensation than four dollars a day, this proposed four-dollar rule obviously flies in the face of the manifest intent of the constitutional provision. And its effect would be to withdraw nearly ninety per cent. of the public places from the competitive rule, and thus to kill the whole system.

Another scheme to disembowel the civil service law is brought forward by a Republican legislator, Mr. ABELL of Brooklyn, who had himself put at the head of an investigating committee to inquire into the civil service of the State and of the municipal governments. He has reached the conclusion—a conclusion fully formed, no doubt, before he began the inquiry—that the civil service law is not, but ought to be made, "practical." If the PLATT politicians can only make the operation of the civil service law in their way "practical," they will have nothing more to say against civil service reform. To the end of making the civil service law "practical," Mr. ABELL proposes that the heads of departments or bureaus shall have the power to appoint their own subordinates, subject to certain civil service regulations providing for examining candidates. If Mr. ABELL were not a novice in the business he would know that his proposition rests upon a well-worn fallacy which was exploded long ago. We mean the fallacy that the chief of a government department or bureau having by law the power to appoint his subordinates, "knowing best what kind of men he needs," will be left free to select those men according to his own notion of the public interest. Universal experience proves that such officers are hardly ever permitted to select men whom they consider best fitted for the duties to be performed, but that they are usually compelled to appoint men who are selected for them by political leaders with a view to the promotion of their own interests or of the interests of their party machine. Experience proves further that chiefs of government departments or bureaus who take their official duties seriously and conscientiously do not want to be cursed with this so-called "freedom of choice," which is no freedom of choice at all, but only serves to expose them to a political pressure difficult to resist, and that they wish to be relieved of that distracting pressure by a strict enforcement of the competitive system as now provided for by the civil service law. This, no doubt, Mr. ABELL knows very well, and it is for the very purpose of giving the party machine a chance of foisting its creatures upon the heads of departments or bureaus that he wishes to make the civil service law "practical." What he does not seem to know—and for this reason we call him a novice in the business—is that he can no longer hoodwink any well-informed person by his artful pretence of friendliness to "true" civil service reform. The trick is too transparent not to be seen through at once.

Mr. ABELL and all the political schemers of his kind will have to make up their minds to the fact that they will not be permitted to put through their devices "on the sly." Their intent and meaning will be mercilessly exposed to public view by a body of men who thoroughly understand this subject. The civil service reformers are keen watchers, and very energetic in exploding frauds. Moreover, they are no longer looked upon by the people as a set of amiable dreamers and visionaries, for the system advocated by them has been practically introduced on a large scale, and proved to be essential to the public welfare. The people are recognizing its merits more and more every day, and are earnestly demanding its extension. There is, therefore, a very powerful public opinion to which the civil service reformers can now confidently appeal; and if Republican politicians like Mr. ABELL run their heads against that public opinion, they will only prove once more, at the expense of their party, not only how selfish, but also how stupid the so-called "practical" politician is apt to be.

THE TREASURY AND THE CURRENCY PROBLEM.

THE approach of the 1st of October and of the termination of the contract by which the syndicate undertook to protect the Treasury gold reserve naturally reawakens discussion of the currency issue.

In the transactions of the government with the syndicate, and of the syndicate with investors and speculators, the essential weakness of the government as a banker has been so fully demonstrated that nothing but wilful ignorance or inherent folly can now deny that the Treasury ought to go out of the banking business. The situation, as illustrated by the syndicate contract and operations, is this: The government, having a large amount of outstanding paper and an insufficient revenue in gold, was compelled to protect the reserve which tradition and practice had declared to be essential to the maintenance of the credit of the paper. It had no power to do this. It could not demand that its debtors should pay it in gold coin. It could not sell exchange at such prices as would make the exportation of gold unprofitable, nor could it increase the rate of interest in order to tempt foreigners to lend their gold in the United States. It could not even persuade the banks that owe their existence to it to part with their own gold in order that the Treasury might be replenished through the payments of customs duties in gold. In a word, it had bankers' obligations, but not bankers' powers or facilities. Therefore it felt itself compelled to employ a syndicate of powerful bankers to work for it, and in order to accomplish this object Secretary CARLISLE felt obliged to pay a high price for the services of the bankers. There is a good deal of loose talking as to the wrong done to the country by those who placed the Treasury in the power of this rich syndicate. The only body that is responsible for the folly of it is Congress.

So long as there is government paper in circulation for which gold may be instantly demanded, so long will the prosperity of the country and the solvency of the Treasury be threatened. It is said that the fundamental cause of the Treasury's difficulties is lack of revenue. It is true that the revenues of the government have recently been smaller than its expenditures, but there has never been a time when the then existing deficiency might not have been met from the Treasury cash, counting the reserve on hand as part of the cash. Moreover, there are signs that the revenues will soon be sufficient to enable the Treasury to meet all its current demands. Even if it were true that the main difficulty lay in the lack of revenue, it is also true that the difficulty has been increased and the situation made more embarrassing by the existence of the means whereby the Treasury has been depleted of gold. If there were no greenbacks and Treasury notes, there would be no need of a gold reserve, and the lack of revenues might have been easily met from the surplus in the Treasury. In that event there would have been no attack upon the government's credit, no alarm leading to a panic, and no increase of the public debt and of the government's interest charge. Therefore the full duty of Congress is to get rid of the government paper, and to establish a banking system which shall be entirely independent of the government, and which, at all events, shall not be in a position to worry and embarrass the Treasury by insisting on the strict performance of all its obligations, while declining any aid not demanded by the strict letter of the law.

The present condition of the Treasury is uncertain. The syndicate has thus far been able to carry out its agreement to prevent the withdrawal of gold. It is true that recently gold has been sent abroad, but the syndicate has made good the loss. Many times during the existence of the agreement between the government and the syndicate gold might have been exported at a profit, but the syndicate has prevented exportation at the cost to itself of the profit involved. How long the syndicate can maintain itself is doubtful. If it is borne down by the pressure of speculation, there must be another bond issue, and the prospective profit in such an issue is very tempting to bankers. If, however, the 1st of October is passed without such an issue, the chances are that the probable return of gold in payment for our crops will carry the Treasury up to the meeting of Congress. After that the future is dubious. The country owes a large and unknown amount in Europe, and if the conditions that existed prior to the arrangement with the syndicate are permitted to prevail again, there is no reason why gold should not once more flow out of the country in such large amounts as to put an end to the prosperity which is now manifesting itself.

There is no need of the return of the evil day. The good that has been accomplished by the adjournment of Congress and by the syndicate's temporary checking of the outflow of gold shows this. The momentary removal of the fear of silver legislation and of the danger of the destruction of the prop under the government's paper has brought about the revival of confidence and the renewal of transactions that we see everywhere. The evidence is clear that the permanent removal of these dangers would stimulate and establish this prosperity, while the return of the conditions that prevailed last winter and spring would bring on a panic that would probably be more disastrous than that of 1893, because no hope would be left to the business men of the country. Even if another bond issue should be compelled by a renewal of the assault on the Treasury's gold reserve, a panic would not be inevitable. Indeed, another issue of bonds might turn to the advantage of the government by inducing Congress to take the action which it refused to take last year, and which, it is to be regretted, some of the Republican leaders seem disinclined to take at all. At all events, the whole matter rests with Congress. The executive department has done its utmost to protect the government's credit and to save the gold reserve. In the absence of legislation it can only sell more bonds on such terms as can be obtained in the open market. Whether or not any more bonds can be sold abroad, the price that they command in this country is naturally higher than that which can be obtained anywhere else, and the effect of this is shown by the resale in this country of the bonds of the last issue that were taken in Europe.

On the whole, the outlook cannot be said to be full of hope. In order to put an end to the constant danger that is threatening the country's newfound prosperity, Congress must provide for the redemption of the greenbacks, the extinction of the Treasury notes that were issued under the Sherman act, and for the establishment of a bank currency that will take the place of all government paper, and that will respond quickly to the demands of business, expanding when business is brisk and contracting when it is dull. As Congress is constituted, and as the coming Speaker is likely to be a politician whose intellect is stupefied by his Presidential aspirations, it is rather too much to expect that this programme will be carried out. And yet much of good is often attained by the exhibition of a good disposition, and by a failure to do things that are affirmatively bad. So Congress can accomplish much at its coming session if it will put down silver discussion and bury silver bills; but if it does its full duty it will establish our prosperity so firmly that there will be no question in the commercial world concerning our gold reserve, and gold may come and go without attracting attention or doing the least harm. To sum up: If the Treasury be left in the banking business, and if the silver agitation continue, without hope of better things, there are many reasons to expect another outflow of gold, with all its evil consequences; but if Congress should address itself to the settlement of the currency question, with an evident inclination towards honest money and the divorce of the government and the banking business, prosperity, now doubtful, would become firmly established, and gold would resume its proper and modest place, going where it was most wanted, without arousing the fears of those not willing or able to bid high enough for its retention.

A CHANCE FOR THE JINGOES.

In view of the obvious danger in which American missionaries find themselves in China, we have been waiting with some interest for a declaration of war from Senator Lodge or Senator Morgan or some other voluble warlike power. It must be that Christian missionaries do not appeal so strongly to the jingoes as land and sugar-cane and "ocean cross-roads" and strategic positions.

The truth is, we fancy, that the jingoes find it to be unpatriotic to take a friendly view of a possible alliance with Great Britain. They prefer to get the country into a war with the English rather than join that hated country in extending the blessings of civilization and Christianity, or in protecting American and English citizens who have been admitted to China.

It is clear that China is in a state of anarchy. The influence of the Emperor does not extend beyond Peking. Even if he and his dynasty desired to protect the missionaries from the murderous assaults of the Vegetarians and others of his barbarous subjects he could not do it. Even if a Mongolian should succeed the present dynasty, there would be no effective government for a good while. The demoralization of defeat in war is now being felt and manifested by the Chinese, and although reserve and self-restraint are supposed to be Chinese virtues, it is very clear that they are superficial, and that the barbarism that is at the foundation of the Chinese character has again broken loose. The demoralization of barbarians is always complete and overwhelming, and it must continue until it wears itself out, or until those who are manifesting it by killing missionaries are overawed by a superior force.

The missionaries who are chiefly in danger are the English-speaking Protestants. They are subjects of the Queen and citizens of the republic. The Chinese who are attacking them hold them in a hatred intense and almost incurable, for their hatred is based on the superstitious belief that the missionaries are enemies of the Chinese, and of their ancestors whom they worship, and that for the purpose of elevating their own people they kill and mangle Chinese infants. When such fanaticism lies at the basis of a popular uprising, nothing but force can put it down. As the Chinese government does not possess adequate force, even if it were inclined to use it, no dependence can be placed on the Emperor. Moreover, the Peking government is either afraid of the missionary-killers, or else it is secretly pleased with their achievements. Therefore the missionaries must either escape from China or be protected there by outside powers; and even if they escape, there is an account to be settled with the Vegetarians and with the government.

Under all these circumstances we should hear a war-cry from the jingoes. The cause is worthier than the insult to Nicaragua by reason of the landing of British troops and sailors. Of course the nature of the task almost necessarily involves an alliance between the British and the Americans, and there are a good many people who dislike jingoism, and who have a wholesome contempt for the jingoes, who would regard an alliance in such a cause between the two great English-speaking powers with profound satisfaction, and in the hope and belief that it would put an end to the worst form of jingoism, which so affects its victims that they lie awake nights in the haunting fear that Great Britain is stealing some mid-ocean rock, out of which some American might possibly some day try to make some money. Would Mr. Lodge or Mr. Morgan or Mr. Frye, or any other of our well-greaved heroes, who thus far have been fighting with the weapons of Thersites rather than with those of Achilles, prefer to see the missionaries harried rather than that England and the United States should become allies for their preservation? Is it better, in their opinion, that the germ of Christianity, which the missionaries think it their duty to plant in China, shall perish than that the *Indiana* and the *Terrible* shall fight side by side in the same cause? If such is really their opinion, we think they are making a tactical blunder, for we fancy that a majority of American citizens would prefer to see their country fighting with England in the cause of missions, rather than to see her fighting against England in the cause of nitrates or land or strategic points or coaling stations or any other form of pelf.

OUR NAVAL FARCE.

It seems that the Weekly's fears that the proposed manœuvres of the North Atlantic Squadron would be interfered with from Washington were well founded. Admiral Ramsay, the head of the Bureau of Navigation, is a very influential person. He practically controls the navy, and he has been able thus far to prevent any flag-officer from earning a reputation as a first-rate fleet commander through showing his ability to handle modern ships acting in unison. Whether this attitude of his has any connection with his own evident determination never to go to sea himself as a flag-officer who can tell? But while he has been at the head of the bureau whose duty it is to assign ships and officers, no Commodore or Rear Admiral has been permitted to conduct a thorough and effective squadron drill at sea, and in preventing this he has done serious injury to the new navy. Indeed, it is not an exaggeration to say that Admiral Ramsay's influence has been such that if a war were to break out to-day our fleets would be at a great disadvantage owing to the fact that we have had so few squadron drills. Sending a fleet of American war-ships to cope with a European or Japanese fleet under existing conditions would be almost like sending out a hastily gathered regiment of independent militia companies to contend against a thoroughly organized and drilled regiment of the German army.

Instead of the fleet which was promised him, Admiral Bunce finds himself with four war-vessels making an excursion up the Atlantic coast as an escort to the *Dolphin*, which seems to be conveying Secretary Herbert from festivity to festivity. Now it is a dinner and a yacht-race at and off Newport; now it is an agricultural show at Portland, Maine; again it is a Knights Templar parade at Boston. Whatever squadron drill takes place under such circumstances and such conditions can be of comparatively little importance. While we are reading in our own daily newspapers of this absurd and pompous farce we are reading in the English newspapers of the serious work that is being done by the Channel and Reserve fleets of the British navy.

Without fleet drill the new ships are not prepared for actual service, and if the navy is not to have fleet drill, and it clearly is not so long as Admiral Ramsay is at the head of the navy, there might as well be an end of ship-building. His extraordinary fooling with the ships shows, if it shows anything, that he does not believe that ships are needed.

In the mean time why does he make his friend and sustainer, Secretary Herbert, the centre of a pageant of folly, and the laughing-stock of a country that is more generous than just, until it finds a man out?

THE CELEBRATIONS IN GERMANY.

The German Empire is now in the midst of the celebrations commemorative of the victories of twenty-five years ago which made the empire possible. It was natural to expect that such celebrations would give more or less offence to the sensibilities of France, which can only hold memorial services over its dead, while Germany rejoices in recalling its triumphs; but no such offence has been given. The celebrations have been free from any expression of exultation over the defeated enemy. While recalling the heroism, the sacrifices, and the victories of the German armies, they have been marked by a high sense of national dignity.

It was not accident or chance which in fifty years, between Waterloo and Königgrätz, transformed the helpless Kingdom of Prussia into the conquering Empire of Germany. The transformation was possible only because in the interval the people of Germany had steadily and persistently cultivated the best elements of character. The German life of the time has illustrated all the admirable individual qualities of industry, thrift, perseverance, courage, and a high standard of family purity. In addition, they gave an example of the national virtue of patriotism by the exercise of habitual self-restraint and self-denial for their country's sake, of respect and obedience for the law. This was the real German victory. The triumphs of the war were won before the war began. The victories on the battle-field are less admirable than the preparation which made them easy of achievement. The current history which is ablaze with the brilliant record of the brief war-time is almost silent with regard to the era of preparation, without which there had been no war record and no celebration to-day. The chief factor in this preparation, the chief cause of success, which was constantly exerting its influence, was that spirit of obedience, respect, and submission to the law, and of support to the lawful authorities; and it is this trait to which the attention of other nations can most profitably be directed.

IS REFORM WORTH WORKING FOR?

It is not usual for the unimportant local elections of New York in an off year to attract as much attention in advance of any real campaign operations as is the case this year. But every great city in the Union is more deeply interested than usual this year in New York politics, because in New York the results of reform are under trial, and the best citizens of every great city are anxious to know whether those results are such as to make reform worth working for.

To this question there is only one answer, and that is a positive and emphatic "Yes." Reform is always and everywhere worth working for and worth fighting for. A reform victory is at any time and in any city easily possible; the example of New York is quite enough to cheer and encourage and inspire the aspirations of reformers elsewhere. The gains of New York, although only in their first few months of fruition, have already changed the whole municipal situation, and have repaid the cost a hundredfold and a thousandfold.

New York has a Mayor who is the Mayor of the people and of the city, not of a ring or clique or machine. Under his power of appointment he has for the first time in the modern history of the city had the streets cleaned. He has appointed a Board of Police Commissioners who are redeeming the police force and enforcing the law. The old system of oppression, blackmail, favoritism, rank corruption, and alliance with professional crime no longer exists. The former Dogberry idea of police justice has given way to a body of city magistrates who know the law and administer it justly. The Department of Public Works now discharges its legitimate practical function, instead of its former function as an employment bureau for the trading bosses of politics. The Dock Department is mending its loose methods. The same is true of the Park Department. Above all, the people are furnished with truthful reports of the management of their affairs.

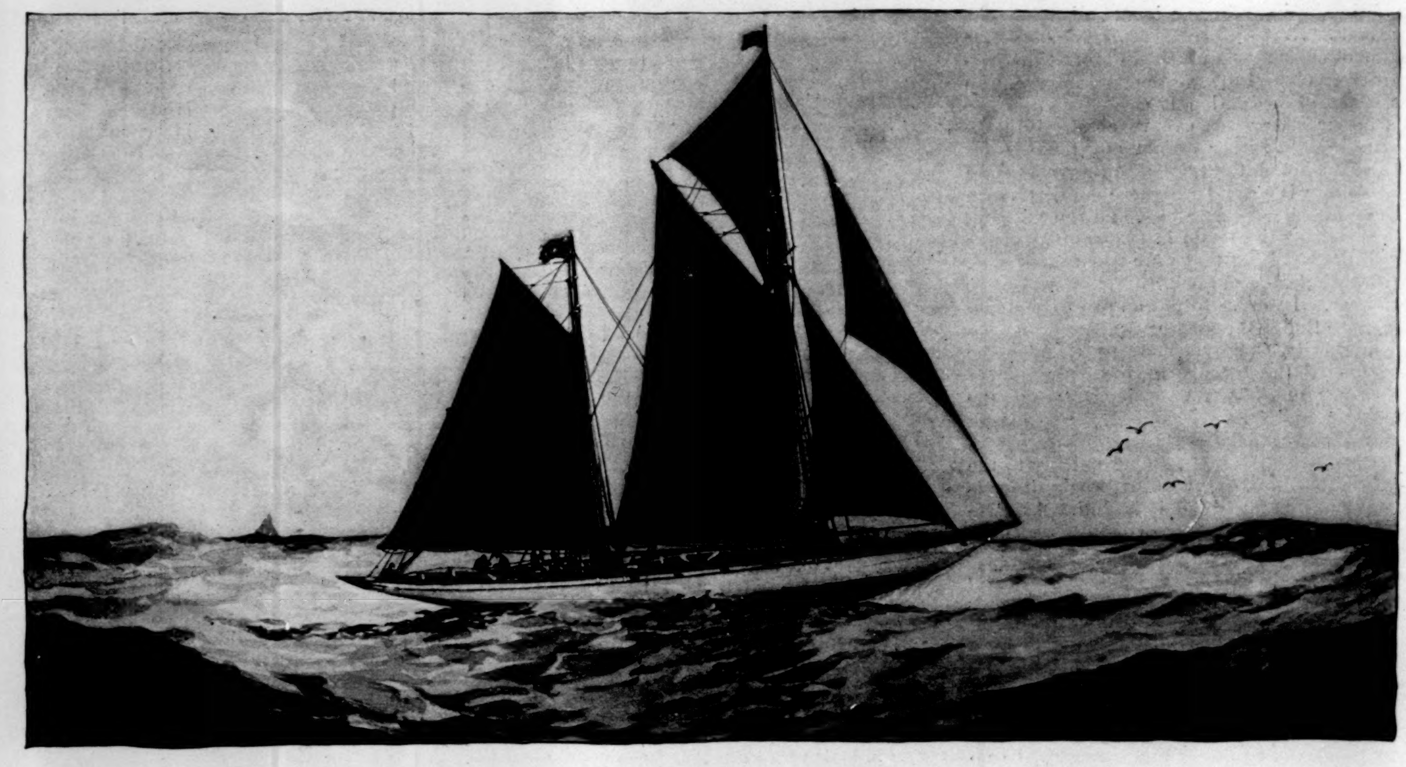
These are great gains. They were previously unknown and unimagined. They were secured at an outlay of energy and effort ridiculously disproportionate to their value. They were secured in the city in which corruption seemed to be most strongly fortified in power.

A GOOD RESULT OF HARD TIMES.

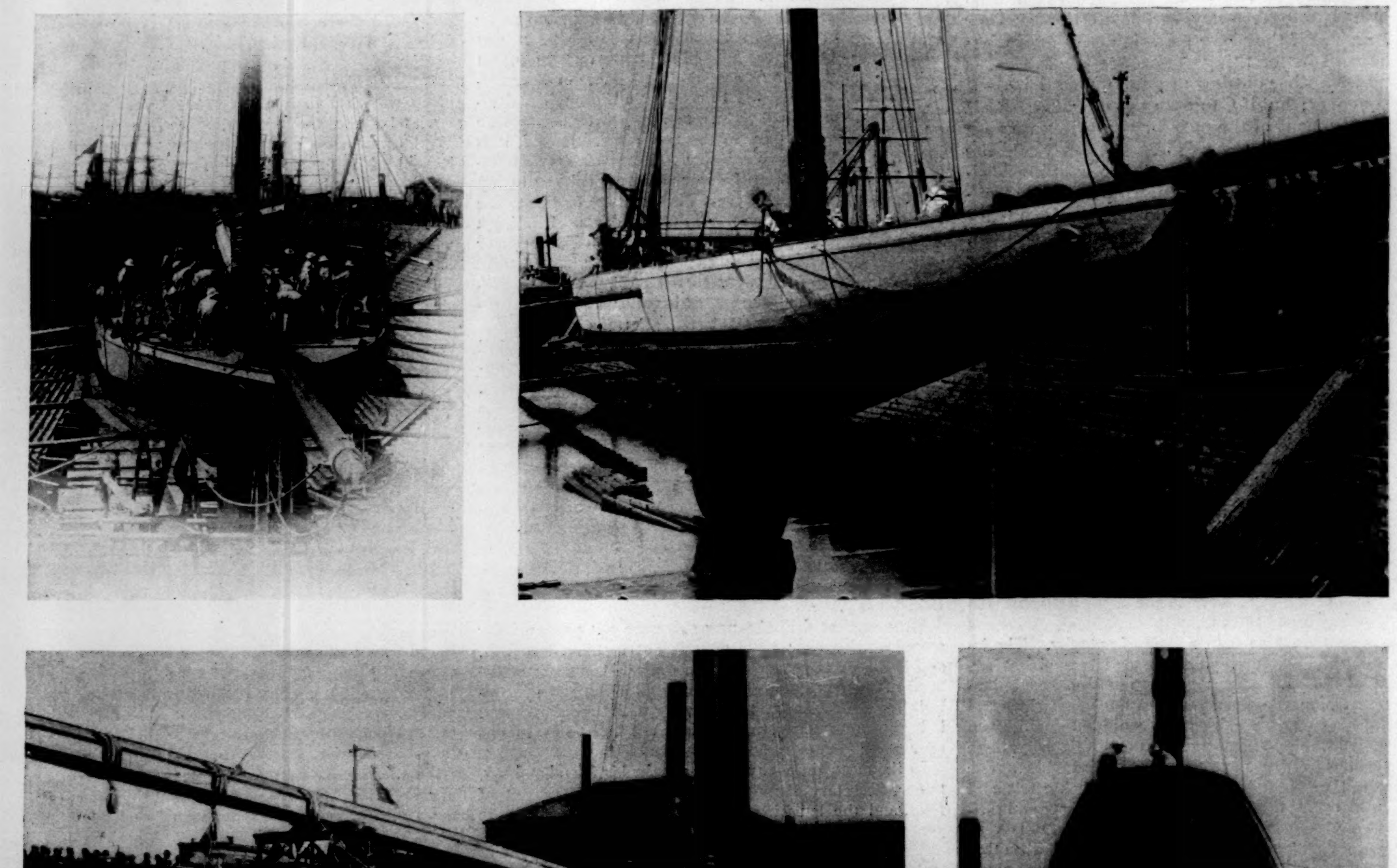
It would seem from the unprecedented exodus of Americans to Europe this summer that money had once more begun to circulate with reasonable freedom in this country. Nevertheless complaints are heard among the retail merchants that habits of economy formed in 1893 and 1894 seem in many cases to have survived the fiscal stringency which occasioned them, and threaten to become fixed. Grocers, butchers, and vegetable-dealers complain that their customers in many cases continue to be content with the comparatively simple fare of panicky times.

It is easy to believe that these complaints are well founded. When once a family has come down from a lavish to a moderate scale of living it is comparatively easy to stay there. The pinch is in changing. It is disagreeable to curtail one's domestic apparatus and change one's habits, but the change from luxury to mere comfort involves no serious privations, and in many cases, after once it is made, is as satisfactory to the makers as their other state. Many vexations and worries, incident to a large establishment, are escaped by persons who live moderately. To have enough servants is to most American families a greater luxury than to have too many. To have enough to eat is often more conducive to personal comfort than to have too much. It is easy for people to adopt, little by little, a scale of living that is too high for their incomes. The rich we have always with us, and their example is a constant incentive to persons of straiter means to live at a greater cost than they can afford. In New York alone in 1892 there must have been thousands of families who were living a little better even then than they could prudently afford, and who found themselves embarrassed by the reduction of their incomes to a hard-times basis. Many have learned a lesson in thrift, have cut down their expenses, and find that they are comfortable as they are.

We Americans are people of very changeable habits. We like to have everything that any one else has, and when we have the money we are apt to buy everything we think we want. A good deal that we think we want we do not really care much for, and can spare without much pain if we have to. It is the great merit of panics and times of financial depression that they shake us down to where we belong, and loosen our grip on things that we have no business to possess. In so far as the hard times that are just now passing have dragged down for a while the scale of living, and taught people to discriminate between what they need for comfort and what they want for show, they have done a great good, and have made life in this country easier and safer for some time to come.

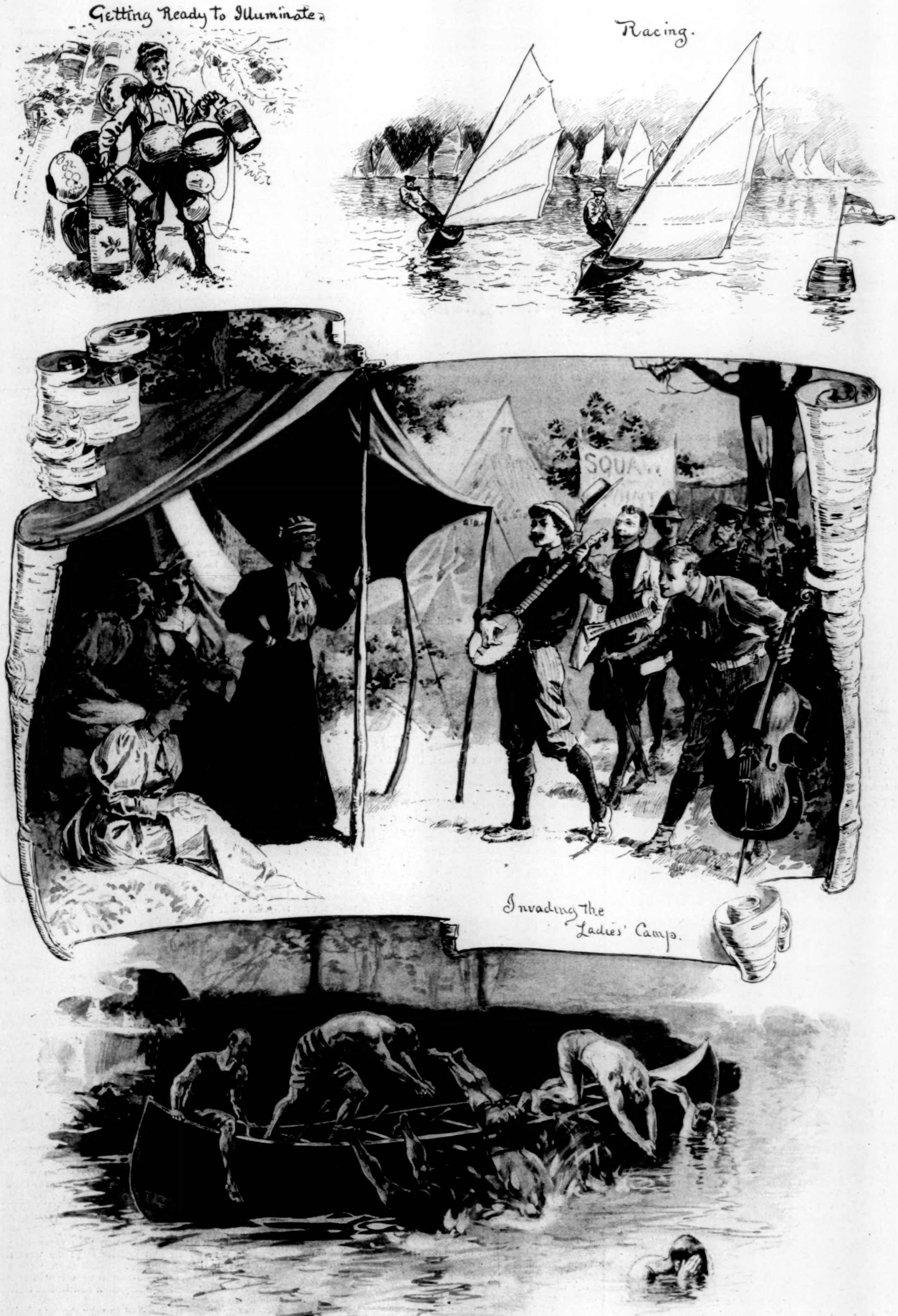


"VALKYRIE III." UNDER KETCH RIG.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.



"VALKYRIE III." IN DRY DOCK.—From Photographs.

THE ENGLISH CHALLENGER FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.—[See "Amateur Sport."]


Getting Ready to Illuminate.
Racing.
A.C.
SQUAW
Invading the Ladies' Camp.
W. A. Rogers.
Over-board from the War Canoe.
The Morning Dip

WITH THE CANOEISTS ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 820.]

LIFE AND LETTERS

An interesting effect of time, which observers have noted before this, is the consecration of many causes and of many persons that were once the objects of execration. In our day and country this has been very remarkably the case with the cause of abolition and the abolitionists. These, not quite a generation since, were named in much the same terms and in much the same temper as the socialists and socialism are at present. There were then red-mouthed abolitionists, just as now there are red-mouthed socialists; and the agitators of that period were not shorter-haired, less incendiary, or less malevolent, in the general eye, than the agitators of this. But the censures of the past have been revised in the light of the success which has smiled on the cause of abolition and the abolitionists. Success, in fact, has a good deal to do with the redemption of causes and of principles from a former ignominy; yet now and then there is a lost cause which, by some charm of poetry in its circumstances, or quality of character in its followers, potently appeals to the imagination, and even the veneration, of a later age. This is peculiarly true of the experiment in socialism at Brook Farm, which has needed scarcely half a century's lapse for its rehabilitation in the public honor and affection, after as disastrous failure as could well have attended it. No doubt Hawthorne's romance greatly enhanced the fascination the Fourierite community has always had for the world, in spite of his protest that Blithedale and Brook Farm had nothing but their communism in common, and the equally earnest disclaimers of identity by the communists themselves. But a still more powerful spell has wrought with the public through the noble natures and the magnanimous aspirations of the men who founded Brook Farm, in a love of humanity forever imperishable, whatever ruin befell the form of their unselfish endeavor. Oddly enough, their memory is not honored solely, or even chiefly, by the socialists of the present day. Many, indeed, of those who denounce socialism as a principle fatal to civilization have no word of blame for the Brook-Farmers; they often have words of devout praise for their self-sacrifice; and from time to time there is a general demand for some fitting history of their experiment.

I.

Yet, so far as I can gather the fact from the pages of a volume on Brook Farm, which appeared some months ago, the communists at Brook Farm were not other or less than distinctly and precisely socialists of the same inspiration and aspiration as William Morris of London or Edward Bellamy of Chicopee; and socialism has already come to its apotheosis in the worship of their memory, whatever obloquy it may still suffer in its actual phase.

Brook Farm. Historic and Personal Memoirs. By John Thomas Codman. Boston Arena Co.

I may have misunderstood Dr. Codman's statement of the transition of Brook Farm from the actual association of Transcendentalists to the shape of a Fourierite phalanx which it kept after the first two years to the close of the incident, some three or four years later; but I cannot find that the socialists of Brook Farm differed from the collectivists of our own day, except that they hoped to socialize civilization by withdrawing from the competitive conditions, and offering in their own life a norm of higher conditions, which, as they proposed, should presently or ultimately persuade the world and convert it to what they believed economic truth and justice. What I may call the secular socialists hold the same principles, but choose to remain in the world, and socialize it by the franchise, and by the gradual extension of the popular ownership to the things they believe naturally common. Neither type of socialist has proposed the extinction of private property, but both alike have proposed the extinction of private capital. Both intended and intend the communization of the means of production and distribution, the universal industrialization of the citizens, and the just and equal apportionment of earnings.

The socialistic ideal was realized perfectly on the small monastic scale at Brook Farm, as it has often been and still is realized in communities scattered throughout the country. At the present moment, even, several new communities have been founded, notably one at Ruskin, Tennessee, and another at Altruria, California, upon a principle not apparently different from the principle of the Brook-Farmers. The seed of death in all these experiments (from which the latest, for all I know, may be exempt) is the want of capital; and a fatal break in their logic, as the secular socialists point out, is that in the struggle for life the community becomes a party to the competitive conditions its members have abandoned; becomes, in spite of itself, an aggrandized individual. Hawthorne finds some pensive amusement in the fact that at Blithedale the brotherhood which intended the reign of peace and good-will in the economic world must needs do its best or its worst to undersell and overreach the neighboring farmers in the markets, quite in the old wicked way; and this is always the obstacle that blocks the wheels of the one-horse millennium. Whether it can be overcome by the greater millennium of the secular socialists, with the world's capital and all the modern improvements for motive forces, remains to be seen. It can only be said with certainty that their millennium, like so many others, has not yet arrived, and it is not yet so plainly in sight that any, at least of its enemies, can be asked to prophesy its advent.

II.

In the mean time here is the story of a millennium that, if it did not fail to come, failed after it came, and yet it is always a beautiful and inspiring story. It might have been told more solidly and weightily perhaps; but one must be lastingly grateful to Dr. Codman for his sketch of the life at Brook Farm as he knew it and partly lived it. His sketch has the inalienable charm of a sketch, and something of the joy and freshness of his own youth at the time he writes of. He was a boy of seventeen when he was sent to Brook Farm, and he was a boy of nineteen when the exiles from that home of pure and high endeavor,

> "with faltering steps and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way"

out into the weary old world of unequal strife and unequal toil, fixed apparently forever in the evils they had fain left it to. But he was a boy of alert mind and eager eyes, and we do not lose, we rather gain, a sense of the daily beauty of the life he shared and witnessed, in the honor and reverence it inspired. If I must forego the effect on such a young soul of an experiment that had the youth of the race in it, for some more deeply philosophized study of Brook Farm, I should pause before I chose the last. In fact, these memories have a rarer value for their very inadequacy; and in the presence of their entire sincerity and honesty one partly supplies the philosophy which would not have availed without them. But really, the heart of the mystery is here, plain enough; it is laid bare in passages vivid with a conviction which, whether it imparts itself to the reader or not, has remained unbroken in the writer. "The Brook-Farmers had thrown aside the forms that bind outside humanity. . . . They were builders, not destroyers. They proposed to begin again the social structure with new foundations. . . . . We felt that we had . . . . placed our corner-stone on the eternal rock of science and justice; that the social laws ordained of God from the beginning had been discovered. . . . Imagine, indifferent reader of my story, the state of mind you would be in if you could feel that you were placed in a position of positive harmony with all your race; that you carried with you a balm that could heal every wound, . . . a remedy for poverty, crime, outrage, overtaxed hand, heart, and brain. And every night as you laid your head on your pillow you could say: 'I have this day wronged no man. I have this day worked for my race, I have let all my little plans go, and have worked on the grand plan that the Eternal Father has intended shall some time be completed.'"

III.

It was the joy of this feeling that kept the Brook-Farmers together long after the failure of their experiment must have stared the leaders in the face; and in spite of hard work and scanty fare they led a happy life, upon the only terms that life can ever be happy upon: those of unselfishness. An illusion fostered by the atmosphere of Hawthorne's romance is that there was something amateurish or histrionic in their industries; but it appears that their toil was of the downright workaday sort. They did not play at farming, shoemaking, carpentering, sash and blind making, housekeeping, or teaching, but wrought at them in earnest, as the Shakers do, but with a breadth of horizon and a lift of skies unknown to that sad-colored brotherhood.

They never quite made both ends meet. The school, which prospered at first, began to suffer from that prejudice against them as Fourierites which has long since been forgotten; their land was poor; their greenhouses were never brought to the paying point; their newspaper of course did not pay. But none of these enterprises were misconceived or mismanaged. There simply was not money enough to carry them on; and when the large new building, which was to house the phalanx comfortably, and perhaps provide shelter for new members, was burned down, ruin was at hand. Their chief economy was in the table, but they had spared in their diet till their hospitality became unattractive to visitors, and they could save in nothing else.

But not the less they remained cheerful and high-hearted to the last. Dr. Codman records many of the pleasantries and gayeties with which they relieved their toils and anxieties; and they certainly did not scorn delights though they lived laborious days. Some of their jokes which his memory has not relinquished seem to have been of lighter intention than effect, but they are offered only in proof of the familiar ease of their social intercourse. They were indeed like members of one large family; they worked; but they sang, they danced, they laughed; even over the smoking embers of "the unitary edifice" Mr. Ripley made the Roxbury firemen a jesting speech of thanks for their unexpected visit.

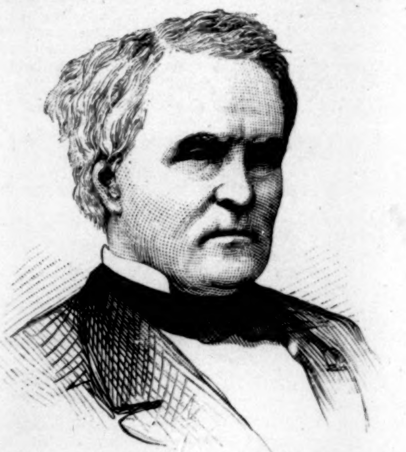
IV.

It is forever to be regretted that he, who was the mainspring and the mainstay of the Brook Farm enterprise, would never write its history; but it is well known how decidedly he refused to do so. Doubtless it was on the whole a source of pain as well as pride with him, and perhaps while it was yet fresh in his experience he was too busy earning money for the payment of its debts, to attempt the record which is here supplied necessarily only in parts by an admirer of his worth and a witness of his work.

Of the famous and gifted people who equally with George Ripley contributed to make Brook Farm forever memorable, Mr. Charles A. Dana, I believe, alone survives. First and last, George William Curtis, John S. Dwight, Dr. Hedge, Samuel J. May, William Henry Channing, Orestes Brownson, Dr. Follen, the sculptor Clevenger, Bronson Alcott, and others were more or less connected with it; though many fell off after it emerged from the Transcendental phase of the primitive association and developed into a Fourierite phalanx. Altogether, they formed the most interesting group of thinkers who have ever attempted social reform. No doubt it is to their rare quality that the experiment which failed and did not fail is indebted for the hold it keeps upon the thoughts and affections of men. It was not weakened by one ignoble motive or tarnished by one selfish passion. It was dedicated from the beginning to the good of the race, in the hope that it was the way out of the miseries and evils which still beset the competitive life. It was no fairy dream, but a serious and weighty fact, and the enterprise seems to have failed, not because human nature was unequal to the sacrifices it demanded, but because they who gave everything had yet not enough to give. It was not men but money that was wanted. Now we have money a plenty, but the men of the sort that made Brook Farm must still be looked for at Brook Farm.

Perhaps, though, this is too pessimistic a conclusion. I will rather close with the closing words of the author, whose book has given me a great pleasure, and more than a pleasure. "Well, the Brook Farm experiment died! There can be only one reason why its friends should rejoice, and it is the same that touched the great mind of St. Paul nearly two thousand years ago, when he said, 'Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not *quickened*, except it *die*.'"

W. D. Howells.



EX-JUSTICE WILLIAM STRONG.

Ex-Justice William Strong was born at Somers, Connecticut, May 6, 1808. He was the son of Rev. William L. Strong, a well-known Presbyterian minister, and received his education at Yale College, from which institution he was graduated in 1828. Until 1832 he was occupied in teaching in a school in Connecticut, employing his leisure hours in reading law. In that year he was admitted to Yale as a student in the law department, and in the autumn of the same year he became a member of the bar. Soon after, he removed to Reading, Pennsylvania, and practised law in that city as a profession. He was a Democrat by political faith, and obtained early recognition from his party, occupying several municipal offices and taking an interest in education. In 1846 he was elected by the Democrats of Berks County, Pennsylvania, Representative to Congress, a position in which he gave such satisfaction that he was re-elected at the end of his term. He was chairman of the Committee on Elections in the House, and filled several other responsible offices, but declined an offer of renomination for a third term. He resumed active practice at his law office upon his return to private life, and gained such distinction that in 1857 he was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania for the term of fifteen years. After holding that place for eleven years he resigned October 1, 1868. His retirement from public business was not long, however, for in 1870 he was named by President Grant as Associate Judge of the United States Supreme Court in place of Judge Grier, resigned. He was a member of the tribunal which passed upon the constitutionality of the legal-tender acts, and it was charged that he had been chosen for the place by Grant with the express purpose of insuring a decision favorable to that legislation. Be that as it may, Judge Strong's opinion was given in support of the acts in question.

Judge Strong may fairly be said to have been, at the time of his death, the oldest man of national importance in the country. His reputation was achieved, too, without reflection upon his personal character. He was a layman, respected and honored, in the Presbyterian Church, and the reports of his good work as a Christian and philanthropist are not a few. He lent support by personal advice or financially to the American Tract Society, the American Bible Society, and the Salvation Army. He was not a wealthy man, but had freely given of what he possessed. He held the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, from Princeton, and from Yale.

WITH THE CANOEISTS.

One of the notable out-door events of the year is the annual camp, or "meet," of the American Canoe Association, held during the last fifteen years in some of the most attractive spots between the Lakes and the Atlantic—on Lake George, the St. Lawrence River, the Hudson River, and Peconic Bay. The present meet, the sixteenth, was in a new spot, though the general location is well known to canoeists from previous meets near by. Bluff Point is one of the show-places of Lake Champlain, and the camp, on the New York shore just abreast of Valcour Island, is superior in many respects to Bow-Arrow Point, a few miles north, the site of the 1887 meet, and Willsborough Point, just south, where the meets of 1891 and 1892 were held. The nature and location of the land made it peculiarly suitable for a camp-ground. The main camp occupied an open meadow sloping down to the water, with many detached shade trees, while a beautiful pine grove on the north made the ladies' camp, another on the south being occupied by those of the men who preferred the shade. The general arrangements this year for transportation, mess, etc., were very good, thanks to the foresight of the Commodore, Walter C. Wetherbee, and his aids on the various committees. The attendance during the two weeks reached a total of about two hundred, including many ladies. With the exception of some showers, usually at night, and of several cold days, the weather was very favorable; but the winds, very strong and squally from the west, made hard work for the racing-men. While there were many canoes on the beach, the racing-craft were few in number, though some of the best sailing-men and fastest canoes in the country were present.

Most of the races were sailed in very strong winds, and several postponements were necessary. The unlimited race was won by *Wasp*, sailed by Howard Gray, with *Bug*, sailed by Paul Butler, second. The combined race was won by *Wasp*, and the novice sailing and Jabberwock trophy races by *Az Iz*, J. R. Stewart. The paddling trophy brought out but two competitors, R. O. King, of Toronto, and Darcy Scott, of Ottawa, the former winning by a length. In the trophy and in the sailing-record races Gray again won, with *Wasp*, Butler's last year's boat, which thus proves itself a better craft than his new one, *Bug*. The Dolphin sailing trophy was won by Archibald in *Mab*.

THE SPANISH MINISTER IN THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

THE following letter speaks for itself. It is from the Spanish minister to this country, and is addressed to a gentleman known to the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY and a contributor to these columns. The letter is remarkable for its frankness, and was evidently written with a deep feeling born of a conviction that injustice has been done to Spain by the American press. It is printed here with the authority of the minister. It is as follows:

"SWAMPSCOTT, MASSACHUSETTS, *July 20*, 1895.

"—— —— ——, *Esq., Washington, D. C.*

"DEAR SIR,—I have received your note of 27th inst. I have been always ready to give any information the press wanted from me if it was not conflicting with my official duties; but in this Cuban question, I am sorry to say, I am very reluctant to say anything, because I see it is a total loss of time.

"The American press does not want the truth. It would have been very simple to go to ask the opinion of the respectable class of Cubans—lawyers, merchants, planters, any man that here will be called a respectable citizen—to ask the opinion of the large American interests in the island; that has not been done; and the press prints with relish the lies of low adventurers, or of the *walking delegates* of the poor cigar-makers of Florida that live on their contributions. The American people is made to believe that there is in Cuba a nation fighting for liberty! instead of a few thousand of adventurers taking for the moment advantage of the rainy seasons. Maceo is a mulatto, Maximo Gomez a Dominian, Miro a Spanish bandit (from Spain in Europe), and the only Cubans are Masso and Sta. Lucia, two enthusiasts. Is that a people? Your letter is so courteous that, if you send to me the outline of your interview, I will answer without delay if I can accept it or not. Truly yours, E. DUPUY DE LOME."

ELECTRICITY AND TRANSPORTATION.

IT is difficult for one to consider the great advances in the application of electric energy without giving way to a disposition to forecast the future and tell what is to happen in a little while from now. The present writer has no gift of prophecy, but he can easily tell from present indications some of the things soon to be accomplished through the substitution, in part at least, of electric instead of steam motors by the great railroads of the world. It seems plain that economic considerations, together with practical difficulties of operation not yet overcome by the electrical inventors, will prevent the immediate substitution of electric for steam motors for through passenger and heavy freight traffic; but everything points to the quick adoption of electric motors for suburban and local traffic, and on all roads where it is desirable that there shall be many trains and the intervals between them quite short. One of the greatest objections to suburban residence by men who must go to town each day is the timetable servitude. In the new method of accommodating suburban traffic this difficulty will be entirely obviated, as short, light trains will run on brief intervals, and a suburban resident can be sure that he will immediately, or in a few minutes at the longest, catch a train no matter when he may reach the station at either end of his route. The managers of the great railroads see what is likely to happen, and each company has experts at work looking into electrical matters, with reference to the effect each improvement may have on the railroads equipped only for steam. It is quite generally recognized now that a railroad with a heavy and valuable suburban travel must either control the paralleling trolley lines or equip special tracks so as to give a better service than the trolley service. The New York, New Haven, and Hartford company has an electric branch from Old Colony station to Nantasket Beach, the Pennsylvania Railroad has an electric branch from Mount Holly to Burlington, the Baltimore and Ohio Railway operates three miles of tunnel line and approach with electric locomotives, and there is in prospect a new line to be run at a high rate of speed between Baltimore and Washington. These things not only stimulate speculation as to what may happen in the early future, but show that the most intensely practical men in the industrial world have already recognized that the electric motor has reached a stage in its development when it is a rival to the steam-locomotive in its own field.

And the recently made alliance between the Westinghouse Electric Company and the Baldwin Locomotive Works, the largest in the world, affords another illustration of a recognition by practical experts that the time has come for the extension of electricity in the business of transportation. This is not an amalgamation of two companies, but an alliance by which each company can avail itself of the plant and the patents and the experience of the other. Mr. D. L. Barnes, the consulting engineer for the two companies, says that the hitherto unsatisfactory results in electric locomotives were frequently to be attributed to the lack of experience in practical railroading of the electricians who devised them. No establishment in the world is better prepared than the Baldwin Works to give practical expression to new ideas in railroad engines. It may therefore be taken for granted that the future motors for the Westinghouse alternating current will be as nearly what they should be as possible. This alternating current, it is maintained, will enable those who use it to operate trains much farther away from the power-house than is practicable at present on the trolley lines generally in use. Neither the managers of the Baldwin Works nor those of the Westinghouse Company are boasting or prophesying, but both express confidence that through the new alliance they will be able to meet all reasonable demands made upon them.

The new developments made in electric locomotives add interest to the exhaustive article published in this paper six years ago on "The Electric Motor Applied to Street Cars." At that time the trolley line built by Mr. Frank Sprague, in Richmond, Virginia, had only been in operation a little over a year, and the electrical engineers were busy in their endeavors to find some method of applying electricity to street-car traffic in such a way as to overcome the prejudices of the public. The economy of the overhead trolley system had been demonstrated to all, but the general public was firm in the opinion that serious danger lurked in the overhead wires. Against the storage-battery system, where each car carried its own propelling power in an accumulator, there was no such prejudice. Indeed, this method of propelling street cars met with so much popular favor that one of the arguments against giving street franchises to companies proposing to use overhead trolleys was that the development and perfection of the storage system would soon render the trolley system obsolete. But the storage-battery system is not more extensively used to-day than it was in 1889, and the storage battery in electrical dynamics for several years past has chiefly been used as an adjunct of other systems and for the purpose of taking up electrical force which would otherwise, or in the absence of a convenient accumulator, be lost. But the advocates of the storage-battery method of traction have not been idle, and, as will presently be shown, they are now ambitious to try conclusions with the trolley as to economy and general efficiency. The overhead trolley in these six years has spread amazingly, and now it is a remote neighborhood indeed which is not penetrated by one of these economically operated railroads, while in the suburbs of all large cities these roads are successful competitors of the railroads for local traffic.

The prejudice which has prevented the overhead trolley from getting into many large cities has not operated against the underground or conduit trolley system. There were difficulties of insulation, on account of the rain and sleet and snow, which until recently have prevented the successful adoption of this system. But these difficulties have been overcome, and the conduit system, more expensive, to be sure, to install than the overhead method, is now in successful operation in New York city, and the plan of construction will be presently described. If cable roads in large cities are unobjectionable, then this conduit system will be less so, for the cars will run more smoothly and there will be much less noise. The original objection to the overhead trolley was in apprehension of the damage to life done by the wires hung in the streets. Some persons were fearful that escaping currents might be quite as dangerous from beneath the streets. But experience in Brooklyn and other cities where trolley-cars are used shows that the danger is not in the wires, but in the great speed of the cars and in the careless management of the drivers. The same experience will doubtless come to the operators of street cars by the conduit method.

But the world just now is not wondering as to the application of electrical motors to street cars; the question is, will electric locomotives supersede steam-locomotives on the great railroads, and if so, when? This question is made doubly interesting just now from the fact that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has just adopted electricity for use in hauling trains through the new tunnel just finished beneath the city of Baltimore, and from the further fact that the New York, New Haven, and Hartford company is now operating a branch line, about seven miles long, from Old Colony House station to Nantasket Beach. A brief description of this road and its equipment will enable the reader to know how much of a departure its successful completion and operation indicate.

There are many curves on the Nantasket Beach road, there being twenty in the line, and these extend 4.4 miles out of the total length of 6.9 miles. The sharpest of these curves is 10 degrees. The heaviest grade is 34 feet to the mile. The road is double-tracked through its entire length. The road-bed is solidly built and heavily ballasted. The trolley wire is of novel construction and shape. The lower part is somewhat larger than the upper, and the clip from the cross-arm fits securely around the upper section, leaving a smooth and unbroken surface for the contact of the trolley wheel. The trolley wire is of 433,000 circular mils capacity.

The motor-cars are of two types, the closed and the open. The closed cars are heavy baggage-cars, and four are already in service. The open cars are sixteen reversible-bench cars, and have received their equipment. The open cars resemble the familiar city trolley-car, but have a flight of three continuous steps by which admission is gained to the car. The closed motor-cars are 42 feet long over all, and are built extra heavy, weighing each, when fully equipped, over 30 tons. Two of the four have two motors on one truck, while the two others have four motors, two on each of the two trucks. The motors used are the General Electric 2000 machines especially designed for heavy work, and are similar to those in successful use on the Metropolitan Elevated Railway in Chicago. They are water-tight and fire-proof. The draw-bar pull of the two-motor cars is 4000 pounds, that of the four-motor cars 8000 pounds, the motors being 100-H.P. each, or 2000 pounds horizontal draw-bar pull through a 33-inch wheel. The current is brought from the trolley wires by means of a trolley provided with a wheel having an extra-deep channel to the motors through a General Electric series parallel controller, set up on the right-hand side of the platform. Immediately to the left of the controller is the air-brake handle. The compressed air for the brakes and whistle is furnished by an oscillating cylinder air-compressor operated by an electric motor, which is controlled by a special automatic rheostat which regulates the action of the motor in accordance with the pressure in the tanks.

The trains are run as accommodation and express, the express trains consisting of a baggage motor-car with open trailers, the accommodation facilities being furnished by single motor-cars.

The tests made on this line are of considerable interest. The first showed that the motor-car alone or with a small load could run at a higher speed than that attained by ordinary express locomotives, and maintain the speed without difficulty and without apparent effort. This test gave rise to some exaggerated newspaper reports as to the speed attained. Subsequent tests were made with the locomotive or motor-car as a freight-hauler, and not less than fifteen heavily loaded freight-cars were easily moved and carried along the line at a high rate of speed. So far everything was satisfactory. Since then fifty miles an hour has been reached in another test.

Electrical engineers appear to be quite well agreed that at this time, for local trains, with constant traffic and frequent stops, there is a great advantage in electric over steam locomotives. But this, I believe, is the first instance where electricity has really been substituted on a road previously operated by steam. But these engineers do not see their way so clear to the immediate substitution of electricity for steam where the freight business is the chief source of revenue, and on the great trunk lines, such as the New York Central and the Pennsylvania, the freight yields much the greater amount of the revenue. Under these circumstances the adoption of electric motors by the Baltimore and Ohio company for the tunnel service is most interesting, and likely also to be instructive. It is only proper to say, however, that the action of this company in selecting electricity for this service was not prompted by considerations of economy, but was due to the fact that with the smoke and gas from ordinary engines the tunnel could not have been properly ventilated. This tunnel is the longest soft-earth tunnel in the world, as it is nearly a mile and a half from portal to portal. The approaches make the distance on which the electric motors are used three miles. When the railroad company had concluded that good ventilation could only be secured by the adoption of electric motors, a contract was entered into with the General Electric Company for three locomotives, the General Electric Company guaranteeing that these locomotives would do the work satisfactorily.

The locomotives are the most massive in the history of either steam or electrical transportation, and the weight, which amounts to 96 tons, is on eight driving-wheels, so that the full tractive power of the locomotive will be developed. On each axle there is sleeved a 6-pole motor, there being considerable play between the axle and the sleeve, which latter is spring-supported from the frame. In this way any heavy blow due to irregularities in the track is taken through the springs, and the wear both of the track and locomotive is reduced. On the armature shaft are protecting arms, which move between lugs cast on the wheels, thus allowing the necessary relative motion between the axle and armature.

The steam-engine is not to be taken off the train, but is to be hauled through the tunnel by the electric locomotive, which switches off at the terminus of the line. To operate these machines a station has been erected which contains 3000-horse-power of electric generators, and an overhead line has been equipped to transmit the current to the locomotives. With respect to the station itself, there is little that is novel. There are four 750-horse-power Allis-Corliss engines directly coupled to generators of the same capacity, the generators having a voltage of 600 at no load and 700 at full load. The foundations have been partly erected for a fifth unit in case it is found necessary. The building also contains a lighting plant having a capacity for 400 arc lights and 4000 16-candle-power incandescent lights. Perhaps the most novel feature of the plant is the overhead structure that is employed. The conditions to be met were peculiarly difficult, and the ordinary under-running trolley was considered impracticable. The tunnel is very low in places, and the management of the road decided that the conductors could not be placed over the cars, but should be placed in the middle of the tunnel between the tracks. Outside of the tunnel the conductor is still between the tracks, but is elevated to a height of 22 feet, while inside of the tunnel it is only 17 feet from the top of the rail. The conductor consists of an iron trough made of two Z bars riveted to a cover-plate 12 inches wide, leaving a slot one inch wide between the Z bars. In the tunnel this trough is supported from transverse channel-bars secured to expansion-bolts which are fastened in the top of the tunnel. There is a double insulation, one porcelain insulator being between the trough and the channel bars, and another between the channel-bars and the expansion-bolts. Where switches are used there is a tongue worked by the lever which operates the track switch, and which serves to direct the shoe.

In speaking of the successful tests on this tunnel line by means of the first of the locomotives delivered by the General Electric Company, Dr. Duncan, President of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, recently said: "There are in the United States a number of tunnels whose operation is anything but satisfactory at present which can be equipped as the Baltimore tunnel is."

The other new electrical method of propulsion, or rather the improved method, has been adopted by the Metropolitan Traction Company of New York in the Lenox Avenue line, which runs from 146th Street south to 116th Street, thence through that street west to Manhattan Avenue, along which it goes south again to 108th Street and Columbus Avenue, where there is a junction with the cable-cars. It was expensive to install this conduit system, as the Traction Company would take no chance of failure, and so built the line that in case there should be any failure a cable could be quickly substituted. But there seems scant chance of mishap, and the success of this experiment will, as likely as not, lead to the adoption of the underground trolley system in the more crowded parts of the metropolis. This would materially assist in relieving the congested condition of the present thoroughfares in the mornings and evenings of each week-day.

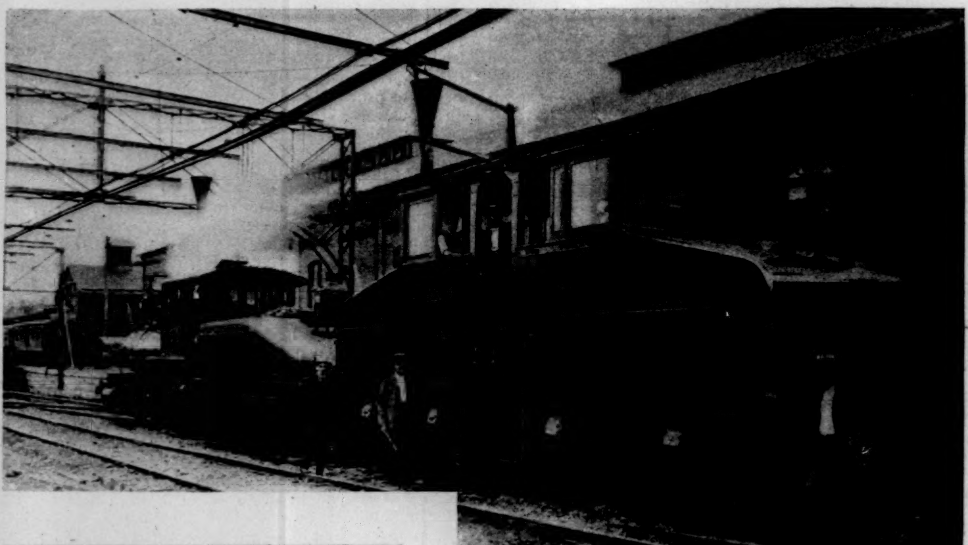
The construction of the underground conduit system is simplicity itself. The plough suspended from the car passes through the slot in the centre of the track and presses against the flat surfaces of two iron conductors running the entire length of the conduit. These conductors are placed each three inches on each side, away from the centre of the slot, to avoid deleterious effects of any drop which would otherwise reach them, and are of channel iron, 4 inches deep and 30 feet long. They are suspended from the ceiling of the conduit by means of insulators devised for this especial purpose, and are at a depth of 13 inches below the conduit slot. Each conductor is sufficiently rigid to require suspension at the ends and centres only, and the ends being located in the man-holes, and hand-holes being placed at the centres, inspection and repair are rendered comparatively easy. The conductors are bonded to each other by stranded copper wire securely riveted into the web of the metal.

A modification of this system of suspension of the conductors is introduced for a length of about one hundred yards of single track on 116th Street, between Lenox and Seventh avenues. This is known as the pedestal method of support. At the man-holes, instead of insulators suspended from the ceiling of the conduit, the conductors are supported by a soapstone pillar. The channel-bar conductors in this case are 5 inches deep, and are set 12 inches below the slot. The soapstone pillars are provided with iron caps furnished with brackets to which the conductors are bolted, and continuous connection is secured by means of a bend of flat copper strips riveted to the webs. The soapstone blocks are set in iron bases erected in the man-holes.

Every twelfth man-hole is connected with the power-house by telephone. Quick break switches are located at intervals in these man-holes, in order that any section of the line may be cut out in case of trouble or accident. At the track switches each conductor is provided with a flaring nose to facilitate the entrance of the plough into the conductors. The man-holes in which the insulators are placed are 4 feet 4 inches in depth, 4 feet in length,

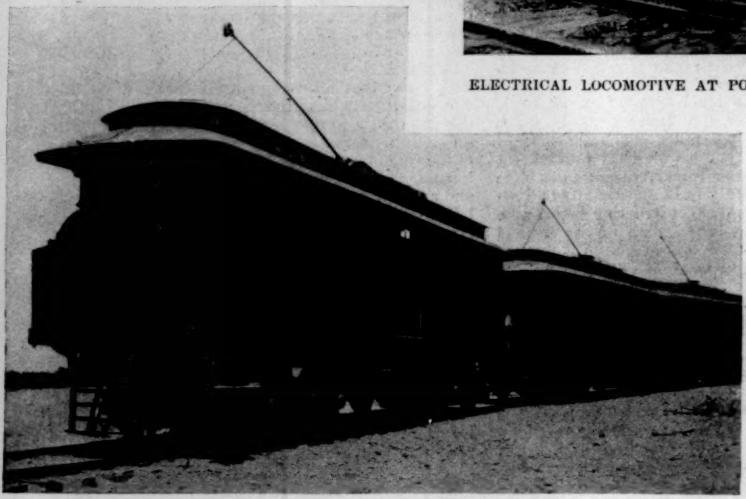
NANTASKET BEACH ROAD.

ENGINE-ROOM OF BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD, LOOKING SOUTH.

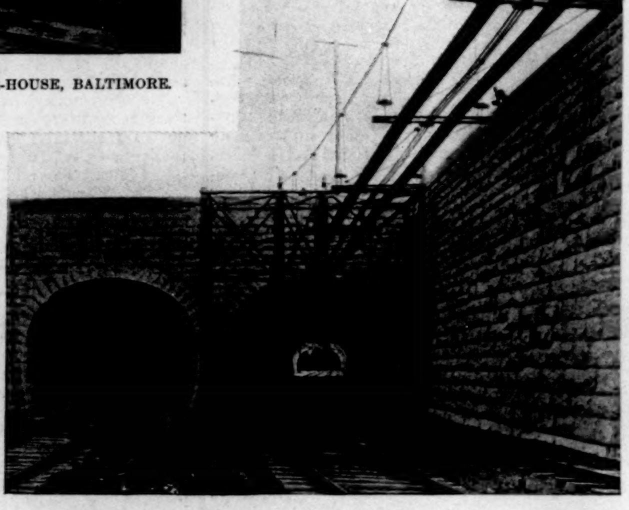


ELECTRICAL LOCOMOTIVE AT POWER-HOUSE, BALTIMORE.

B. & O. TUNNEL FROM NORTH END.



NANTASKET BEACH TROLLEY EXPRESS TRAIN.



ARCHES UNDER MOUNT ROYAL AVENUE, BALTIMORE, LOOKING SOUTH.

RECENT APPLICATIONS OF ELECTRICITY TO RAILROADS.

and 14 feet 5½ inches in width—that is, the entire distance of the two tracks. They are constructed of brick with 8-inch walls that rest on concrete foundations. The floors are laid with 6 inches of concrete, and are provided with drains for carrying off water. With this provision for drainage no trouble from water in the conduit will, it is believed, be experienced. The conduit was built along the grade of the street, but with sufficient pitch to permit any water flowing into the conduit to find its way into the man-holes, located every 30 feet, and from thence into the sewers.

The current does not return by means of the rails, as is usually the case with the overhead trolley. This is a distinct feature and advantage of the new system. Each conductor forms one side of the working circuit, the current is fed into the positive conductor, and returns over the other or negative conductor. The current merely rises on one side of the plough, passes through the controllers into the motors, and after performing its duty returns by the other side to the opposite or negative conductor.

The plough or travelling contact arrangement is also essentially novel. It consists of two pieces of iron, one on each side of the plough, supported on spring leaves which cause them to press outwardly against the two conductors. The plough is suspended from a longitudinal bar bolted to cross-beams set upon the track, and is constructed of two plates of steel laid each one upon a sheet of fibre. The two sheets of fibre are then brought together, enclosing strip copper conductors connected at the top to the motor cables, and at the bottom riveted to two other pieces of sheet steel. These run on each side of the plough, and serve as supports for the hinges which carry the sliding contact pieces. A heavy sheet of fibre continues downward, and serves to separate these contacts. The motors employed are the Standard General Electric 800 machines, controlled by "K2" controllers.

The cost of installation appears to be the chief objection to this method of traction. The objection to the storage battery was that it could not be operated economically on account of the short life of the battery. This was not the reason, however, that the storage-battery cars were given up by the Madison Avenue line six years ago. Litigation over patents resulted in an injunction. Shortly, however, storage-battery cars similar to those in use on three lines in Paris are to be put on the Madison Avenue line, and it is claimed that owing to new inventions the battery to be used will last a satisfactory length of time, and that the cost of running the cars will be less than horse-traction or cable or conduit trolley, and compare favorably with overhead trolley. If practical experience show these claims to be well founded, then the storage-battery cars are sure to be used very extensively in all large cities. The writer is not in possession of such convincing facts as to feel justified in saying positively that these claims are well founded. He hopes, however, that they are. The cars to be run on the Madison Avenue tracks will be equipped with a new type of storage battery known as the chloride accumulator. These batteries have been practically tested in Paris on three lines, and it is said that with one charge of the battery a fully loaded car can make a run of seventy miles. If this be so it is surely a great improvement on the system used six years ago. In the new cars the batteries will not be carried in the car body, as has hitherto been the practice, but will be suspended from the truck under the centre of the car. The tray or box containing the batteries is readily and quickly detached from the truck, and removed for the purpose of charging, on a small transfer-car running on rails to and from an elevator situated between the street-car tracks, and running beneath the floor to a cellar or subway, the elevator being adapted to hoist the batteries into place on the car truck, or to remove them therefrom, as the case may be. By this arrangement a car can be loaded or unloaded in half a minute or less. Another important feature of carrying the batteries beneath the cars is that any car body may be used, and so a company adopting the system will not have to sell all of the old equipment.

It has been said in the newspaper press quite recently that the New York Central was about to adopt electric motors on the lines controlled by that company in the northern and western parts of the State of New York, and where water-power could be utilized for the generation of electrical energy. This announcement was a trifle premature. That the company has considered the probability of such a change in the future is no doubt true, but that it has been decided upon definitely is not a fact. It has also been announced that the elevated roads in New York would soon be equipped with electric motors. This was also a premature announcement, though the General Manager, Colonel Hain, says he is looking into the matter with great care and interest. Indeed, Mr. Westinghouse, the electrical engineer, says that he has advised that the elevated railroad managers do nothing towards making a change just now, as "this year is destined to see a great advance in the improvement of machinery for the application of electricity as a motive power. The advance will be phenomenal." It may be that he was then alluding to the alliance of his company with the Baldwin Locomotive Works, or it may be that he had some great electric novelty and advance in mind. Probably there were several considerations moving him when he so spoke.

In concluding this very brief review of the recent improvements and developments of electric motors, and their application to large and small lines of traffic, it is interesting to quote Dr. Duncan's conclusions after a profound discussion, before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, of the question as to whether electricity would soon supersede steam on the great railroads of the world. He said:

"1. The tendency of passenger transportation on the steam lines has been in the direction of the greatest electrical economy, while the tendency of the freight transportation has been in the direction of the least electrical economy.

"2. It will not pay any through line with considerable traffic, having two tracks, to equip their main tracks electrically.

"3. With four-track roads it will pay to equip all of the tracks electrically, unless a considerable portion of the business is through passenger traffic.

"4. It will pay all the larger roads either to equip a number of their branch lines electrically or to control competing electric lines.

"5. In order to remain on a dividend-paying basis it is imperative that most of the two-track lines either build additional tracks or control the electric railroads that parallel them.

"6. Believing that ultimately all of the traffic will be done by electricity, it is imperative that the managers of steam roads keep in touch with electrical progress."

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

HIS FATHER'S SON.*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS,

AUTHOR OF "VIGNETTES OF MANHATTAN," "A STORY OF A STORY AND OTHER STORIES," "STUDIES OF THE STAGE," "AMERICANISMS AND BRITICISMS," ETC.

XI.

As Ezra Pierce never went to the theatre he wondered sometimes why it was that his morning newspaper gave up as much space as it did to the criticism of new plays and to the gossip of the theatres. As he never read any of this criticism, or any of this gossip, Ezra Pierce did not know that the Daisy Fostelle Opera Comique Company was organized during that summer, and that it made its first appearance in New York early that fall. As he was aware of no reason why he should take any interest whatever in a company formed for the production of semi-spectacular light opera, Ezra Pierce was wholly unconscious both of the flourish of trumpets which heralded its first performances in New York, and of the flamboyant pictorial posters which set forth the piquant charms of Miss Daisy Fostelle and the expensive sumptuousness of the scenery and the costumes.

What Ezra Pierce did read in his newspaper regularly every morning was the Wall Street column and the telegrams from Europe. He was a student always of the complications of European politics, knowing the immediate influence of wars and rumors of war upon the money market. He studied also the shifting currents of American politics, that he might foresee the legislation likely to influence not only the industrial stocks in which he was interested, but also the fluctuations of public credit. That summer, while the family were at Noroton, Ezra Pierce sold out the last share of General Ceramic he still owned; he parted with it at a price far less than the stock had been held at only a few months before. He sold off other industrial stocks, throwing them resolutely overboard in the face of a falling market. Before the middle of the summer he had got rid of every doubtful security he owned; and his balance at the bank was nearly a million dollars, available at a moment's notice. The bulk of his large fortune was invested in solidly established dividend-paying stocks—certain to recover ultimately even if they fell for a season under the pressure of hard times. These stocks—for he owned relatively very few bonds—were kept in the large private vaults he rented in three of the strongest safety deposit offices.

From these vaults he took the General Ceramic and other certificates as he sold them. Winslow went with him always when he opened one of these huge safes; and in time the son came to know their contents almost as well as the father. Rich as he had supposed his father to be, Winslow was surprised at the evidences of wealth which lay heaped before him in these vaults. Little bundles of folded paper represented millions upon millions of dollars; and the young man felt a sense of future power when he remembered that these were all his father's, and that he was an only son. In comparison with the enormous wealth he was going to possess in time, if he should survive, the money he had spent during the past year, much as this had seemed while he was spending it, now appeared to be as nothing; and he found himself wondering at his own moderation. The debts which he had rolled up again were oppressive to a young man of his years without any fortune of his own, but they were really insignificant in size when considered from the altitude of his father's accumulated riches. Thus it was that the knowledge of the extent of Ezra Pierce's fortune had almost as demoralizing an effect on Ezra Pierce's son as that son's earlier discovery of the inconsistency between the morality which his father accepted and that which he practised.

The breezes of Noroton Point were beneficial to the baby and to the baby's mother. Only the baby's grandmother lost strength during the summer. Mrs. Pierce was fragile, and she lacked stamina. Delighted as she was with her grandchild, and with the final recovery of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Pierce did not seem at ease. Always timid and shrinking in manner, she came to have a look almost of fear in her eyes when they rested on her son, as they did constantly. She watched him when he was at home; and Winslow soon remarked this scrutiny, and silently resented it. He would get up from the table impatiently and go out on the piazza, or take a walk to the end of the Point. Then his mother would glance over at his wife to see if the younger woman had noticed anything; but she always found Mary's face impassive, although it was not always easy for Mary to keep it so. Mrs. Pierce would press her hand to her heart after Winslow had left the room, and sigh, and take up her sewing again and say nothing.

At last the summer drew to an end, and the mellow fall came. The Pierces lingered later in the country than they had ever done before. It was the middle of September before they left the house at Noroton Point and settled themselves again for the winter in the house in Madison Square. The baby was then five months old, and she was sturdy and vigorous. Mrs. Pierce was not able to get up to the floor above as often as she liked, for the stairs fatigued her more and more, and she had to confess to herself that she was feebler than she was when they went into the country. Mary noticed this change in the elder lady, and told Winslow about it, but he thought it of no importance.

"Mother has always been delicate," he said. "She never was strong."

"'HELLO, FATHER,' HE SAID, AS HE CAME FORWARD UNSTEADILY."

"But there is something worrying her now," Mary urged.

"Think so?" Winslow returned. "I guess not. What has she got to worry about?"

"I don't know—at least, I'm not sure," responded his wife. "But I am sure that she is troubled about something."

"Oh, she'll be better now the cold weather is coming," Winslow declared. "And she'll be glad to get back to the church again."

Mary made ready to reply, but she changed her mind and said nothing.

"By-the-way, Mary," Winslow continued, "I'm glad you are back in town again too. We can go to the theatre some night."

"I can't go just now, Winslow," she answered. "I wouldn't leave baby with that new nurse until I know more about her."

"I wanted to take you up to see—to see that new spectacular opera," said her husband, "and it isn't going to be here much longer. Still, if you don't want to go—"

"Of course I should like to go," Mary replied. "But I don't think I ought to, somehow. I believe that nurse is trustworthy, but I don't really know yet. Still, I don't want to keep you from seeing it, if you would like to go."

"Oh, I've seen it," Winslow responded, carelessly.

Mary looked up sharply.

"I saw it during the summer," he declared, in answer to her swift glance. "I saw it one night when I was kept in town. Oh, I told you about it, I'm sure. Yes—don't you remember my telling you how funny the four little darkies are who play on each other's banjoes? You must remember that I told you that?"

Mary did recall his description of the four little colored boys; but even that did not tempt her to leave the baby even for one evening in sole charge of a new nurse in whom she was not yet ready thoroughly to confide.

Before the new nurse had won the young mother's confidence, the Daisy Fostelle Opera Comique Company brought its season in New York to an end, and began its tour of the larger cities of the United States. The season in New York, in spite of the puffery of the papers, had not been successful, financially. The play-going public was greatly reduced in number just then, owing to the general business depression throughout the country, and the entertainment proffered by the Daisy Fostelle Opera Comique Company was but lightly patronized, although the costumes and the scenery were most costly, and although the salary list was almost extravagant. Yet the salaries were paid week by week, however small the receipts at the doors of the theatres where the company appeared, and the outlay for travelling expenses and for the resplendent lithographs was promptly met. When company after company had to close its tour prematurely, and return to New York to reorganize and to await better times, the troupe headed by Miss Daisy Fostelle kept on its way serenely, regardless of the misfortunes which befell its fellows, and filled its engagements in Boston and in Philadelphia, in Baltimore and in Chicago.

By a curious coincidence, the alumni association of the little college where Winslow Pierce had been graduated began that year to establish branches in the leading towns of the country, and Winslow told his family that he had been appointed on a special committee to attend certain of the meetings of these local organizations. When he made this announcement at the dinner table one day early in the fall, his mother looked at him with the same questioning gaze she had given him very often during the preceding months. Then Mrs. Pierce glanced at her husband and at her son's wife to see how they would take the announcement.

"I don't see why you need bother about the college now you are out of it," said Ezra Pierce. "But I suppose you like to show off a little before those fellows! And it's all good practice for you; and the more people you get to know, the more you know of the world."

"That's just it," Winslow returned, eagerly. "That's what I think it is—a valuable experience for me. And it brings me into contact with agreeable people—people who may be useful to me some day."

"You are more likely to be useful to them, I guess, than they are to you," his father declared. "When I have got things as I want them, you won't need anybody to help you, Winslow. You will be as independent as any man in the world! You can make men come to you then."

Mary had not spoken before, but now she looked across the table at her husband, and asked, "Shall you have to go often, Winslow?"

"Only three or four times during the whole winter, I think," he answered; "not more than half a dozen times, anyhow. And, mostly, I shall be gone only for a night or two—that's all—just to be at the committee meeting, and the dinner, and all that, you know."

Mary made no response. Then Winslow hesitated a little, and finally he continued, "Would you—would you like to go with me, Mary, in December, when I have to go to Chicago?"

"Yes," answered his wife, "I should like to go very much, but I couldn't leave baby yet."

"I wish you could," said Winslow, heartily. "I believe a little trip out of town now and then would do you good. But if you can't go, I suppose I must go alone."

The week after this conversation Winslow told them that he should have to go to Boston the next day, to attend a meeting of the local committee of his alumni association. A month later he announced a meeting in Philadelphia, which he had also to attend; and a fortnight afterwards there was yet another meeting in Baltimore, to which he felt bound to go. In December, as he had declared, he went as far as Chicago, and this time he was gone for nearly a week. At first he apologized to his wife for leaving her, but at the last he came to speak of his little trips out of town as though they were inevitable and did not need to be discussed. He came also to have a suggestion of a swagger in his walk, and his conversation was not as careful as it had been. His wife seemed to pay little attention to these changes in his deportment; she was very much taken up with the baby, and it may be also that she did not know that her husband's character was really undergoing a rapid process of disintegration, thinking that he was merely revealing characteristics she had not happened to detect earlier in their comparatively brief acquaintance.

---

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2012.

But the eyes of his mother were sharper, and her knowledge of Winslow was longer and deeper. There was doubt in the gaze Mrs. Pierce fixed on her son sometimes, doubt and fear also; and, as it were, the vision of danger.

That Winslow was restless under his mother's questioning eyes has already been recorded, but he was restless nearly all the time now. He was in a constant state of excitement. Although his speculations were fairly successful, for he had operated all the fall on the bear side of the market, acting on his father's opinion that stocks would go lower and lower before the end of the hard times should be in sight, although he had made money in most of his ventures, yet he was constantly harassed by debts and by the necessity for meeting unexpected claims. He smoked incessantly when he was not under his father's eye, and he drank more frequently and more recklessly. And whenever he could make an excuse for withdrawing from his father's house in the evening, he played cards at the Hoyle Club for as high stakes as any one would put up.

The increasing feebleness of his mother made it easier for him to slip away unobserved, ready with some glib excuse afterwards, if his absence was commented upon. Mrs. Pierce was so weak when the new year arrived that she did not come down-stairs to her dinner, and therefore Ezra Pierce spent his evenings in her sitting-room upstairs. Mary joined them often, and Winslow was there sometimes. But if Mary were in her own room with the baby, she did not know whether Winslow was with his parents or not, and they did not know whether he was with her or not; and so it became easier for him to escape from the oppressive gloom of the sick-room. He was glad to get away from the haunting gaze of his mother and from the increasing melancholy of his wife, whose girlish brightness was swiftly leaving her.

Although she had never formulated it to herself, Mary was vaguely conscious of a feeling of disappointment with her husband. He was considerate and kindly when he was with her, and he was as affectionate as ever—sometimes, indeed, he seemed to be bent on proving to her that he loved her devotedly. Except that he was absent from her side very often, all day always, half the evenings of the week generally, and now and then going out of town for two or three days at a time—except for this, she had little or nothing to complain about, formally; yet as the winter wore on she came to wonder whether she had not made a mistake, and to ask herself whether Winslow really loved her now as much as he had thought he did before they were married—as much as he said he did now. She wondered, also, whether her own affection was as full as it had been. Her love for the baby was strong indeed—that, of course, she never doubted; but it was in comparison with this devotion for her child that her affection for her husband seemed less than it had been. Sometimes she thought that perhaps there was no real change—perhaps it was only that she had now a stricter standard of comparison than ever before.

Whatever void there might be in Mary's married life not filled by her child her mother-in-law tried to disguise by her own affection. For Winslow's mother Mary came to have an abiding fondness and an increasing respect. The younger woman had early seen that the elder, although narrow in her views and rigid in her ideas, was gentle herself and good; and more intimate companionship served only to bring out the finer fragrance of Mrs. Pierce's simple character. In time Winslow's mother leaned on Winslow's wife, and found strength in her sympathetic companionship.

"My dear," Mrs. Pierce said to Mary more than once that long winter, "you are very good to a poor old woman."

"Who could help being good to you?" Mary would answer. "Besides, much as I'd like to do something for you, I haven't had a chance to yet."

"I don't know what I should have done without you."

Mrs. Pierce was confined to her room during the whole of January, and her case puzzled the family physician not a little; he could not discover what was the matter with her, and he saw no reason why she should not be as well as she had been the preceding winter. She was fragile, that he knew well enough, and she never made any determined effort to get better. She lay quietly in bed, or on the sofa, patiently waiting for her strength to return. Even the church-work, to which she had devoted herself in former winters, failed to interest her now that she was no longer strong enough to go out to take part in it herself. Members of the various committees and societies on which she served came to see her frequently, and occasionally she had them shown up to her sitting-room; but after such visits she always found herself more fatigued. Doctor Thurston came several times during December and January; and his direct talk always stimulated her while he was present, and after he had gone she still had a sense of fresh contact with the world outside. Mary was her only companion, as she was her daughter-in-law's sole associate. The friends in Seventy-second Street, whom Mary had visited before her marriage, and who were almost her only acquaintances in New York, had moved to Chicago a few months before the birth of the baby. Had it not been for her child, Mary would have found the house in Madison Square desperately lonely.

XII.

One evening early in February, when the frozen snow lay thin over Madison Square, white under the cold beams of a full moon, Doctor Thurston came to call on Mr. and Mrs. Pierce. As it happened, Mary was in her own apartment upstairs, a little worried because the baby had been coughing that afternoon, and because the cough had sounded in her anxious maternal ear as though it might develop into croup. Mary had left Winslow in a rocking-chair by his mother's side, talking to her about the efforts to relieve the distresses of the unemployed. Five minutes after Mary had gone back to her own rooms Winslow had slipped out of his mother's sitting-room, and had got off to the Hoyle Club. When Doctor Thurston came he was asked upstairs at once, and he found Ezra Pierce just finishing the evening paper, and Mrs. Pierce, frail and whitened, lying on a sofa before the dull red hard-coal fire.

Doctor Thurston's chief topic of conversation that evening was the appalling destitution then prevailing among the very poor, and of the organized efforts to relieve it without encouraging the worthless idle and without increasing pauperism. The minister discussed the various schemes proposed with a wide knowledge of the subject in all its bearings, and with the shrewd business sense which was not the least valuable of his qualifications for the high office he filled. He told Mr. and Mrs. Pierce what their own church had done, and what it proposed to do, and how it wished to take the lead in helping to solve the problem of temporary poverty. He did not ask Ezra Pierce for money; he knew that a formal request would not be necessary; he set forth the needs of the situation; and he suggested that it would be well if the church could raise a hundred thousand dollars.

"A hundred thousand dollars," said Ezra Pierce, and his harsh voice was raised almost to shrillness. "That's a good deal of money in these hard times."

"I know it is, Mr. Pierce," Doctor Thurston returned, "but it is these hard times that have made needful the raising of so much money."

"Oh, I don't say you oughtn't to have it," Ezra Pierce responded. "I don't know but what you can get it too. How much do you want me to give?"

"I think I should prefer to have you fix the amount of your own subscription yourself," the minister answered. "I have every confidence in your generosity, as indeed I have every reason to have."

"I tell you what I'll do, if you like," said Ezra Pierce; "I'll give you ten thousand dollars, if you can raise the rest of fifty this week; and I'll make it fifteen thousand if you can get eighty-five thousand out of the other members of the church."

"Oh, father," said Mrs. Pierce, "if other people were only as generous as you are there would not be any more poverty to relieve."

"Mr. Pierce," Doctor Thurston declared, "I have been made aware of your liberality on many former occasions, but I trust that you will permit me to say that at the present crisis you have gone beyond my highest expectation. With your noble subscription standing as a lordly incentive at the head of the list, I believe that it will be possible for us to secure the rest of the hundred thousand dollars at the specified time."

"I hope you can," said Ezra Pierce; "I hope you can. But you won't find every member of the congregation with his ready money in the bank where he can put his hand on it."

"Nor shall I find every member of the congregation ready to put his hand in his pocket to relieve suffering," Doctor Thurston returned; "I am well aware of that. But what you have done will greatly lighten my labor."

Doctor Thurston had arrived at the Pierces later than was his habit when he paid an evening call, and the interest of the subject they were discussing had led him to prolong his stay far beyond his accustomed hour. Then when Ezra Pierce had made his substantial contribution to the fund the minister desired to collect, Doctor Thurston could not take his leave immediately. When at last he did rise to go it was long past eleven o'clock.

Ezra Pierce accompanied the minister down to the hall, talking all the way down about the other members of the congregation from whom contributions might be expected. At the foot of the stairs he asked Doctor Thurston into the parlor to go over the full roll of the church, and to estimate roughly the highest amount which could be extracted from each.

"Yes," said Ezra Pierce at last, when they had completed a list of names with sums of money set off against every one of them, "I shouldn't wonder if you could do it. But it will take hard work, Doctor. Some of those men will hold tight to every dollar they've got."

"I trust that I am not afraid of hard work in a good cause," the Doctor returned, with a touch of pride, as they walked out into the hall towards the vestibule.

While Ezra Pierce was helping Doctor Thurston on with his coat, the clock on the mantel-piece in the parlor struck twelve.

"I had no idea that it was so very late," said the minister. "Really, Mr. Pierce, I feel that I owe you an apology for detaining you so long when I make no doubt you were ready to retire."

Before Ezra Pierce could answer, the outer door of the house was opened, and closed cautiously a moment later. Then the latch-key was applied to the inner door, and it opened also, and Winslow Pierce entered the hall with his hat a little on one side of his head.

"Hello, father," he said, as he came forward unsteadily, "what you settin' up so late for? Didn't expect see you 'gain to-night—didn't indeed. Doctor Thurston, too! This is a surprise—great surprise—for me. Didn't know you ever staid out so late. It is late—very late—past twelve o'clock. Ministers ought to be in bed before twelve o'clock—that's what I think. Don't you think so, father? Then you tell Doctor Thurston. He'll take it from you—you chip up for the church—he'll take it from you. 'We won't go home till morning, till daylight doth appear'—that's no sort of a hymn for a minister to sing. Is it, father? It isn't, is it? Well, then, you tell him so—tell him I say so too."

Then Winslow took off his overcoat and threw it down on one of the hall chairs. He placed his hat carefully under this chair.

Ezra Pierce had looked at his son with surprise, and he had listened to his son's words with amazement. The boy was intoxicated; he saw that plainly enough; and Doctor Thurston no doubt was aware of it also. Winslow's condition was disgraceful, and it was doubly disgraceful that Doctor Thurston should be a witness of it. Yet the situation was so novel that at first the father did not know what to say, and he let his son run on without interruption.

At last he found words, and his voice was rasping and violent.

"Winslow!" he cried, "go into the parlor! I want to speak to you."

"Go into the parlor? What for? Too late to go into the parlor now," Winslow answered, dropping limply into the chair on which he had thrown his overcoat. "I'm goin' bed. Ain't you goin' bed, Doctor?"

"Mr. Pierce," said Doctor Thurston, who had not hitherto spoken, "I can see that this is a most painful situation for you, and you have my Christian sympathy. I beg that you will permit me to depart now, for I feel that my presence here increases the awkwardness of the circumstances for us all."

"That's right, Doctor—that's right," Winslow intervened, rising cautiously and advancing to open the door for the clergyman. "You go home, go bed. Don't think minister ought to be out all night."

"Winslow!" called his father again. "Go into the parlor."

"All right," the son answered; "I heard you before. I'd rather go bed, but I'll go parlor if you say so."

And the young man guided himself unsteadily across the hall into the parlor, where he dropped into an armchair.

"Doctor," said Ezra Pierce—and his voice trembled—"I don't know what to say to you. I hope this is the first time it has happened—"

"And I trust it will be the last," the minister answered. "He is young, and if he is admonished in season he may yet be saved. I leave you to address a proper paternal remonstrance to him; and some other day, if you wish it, I will talk to him myself."

And with that offer Doctor Thurston took his departure.

Ezra Pierce closed the door after him, and bolted it for the night, and then walked into the parlor.

"Doctor gone?" Winslow asked. "That's right—that's all right! Minister hasn't any business to be out with the boys all night. Has he? I'll leave it to you."

"Winslow," said his father, standing sternly before him, "is this the first time that you have been drunk?"

"Course it's first time," answered Winslow, "and I'm not drunk now. Who says I'm drunk now? Did the minister say it? I'd make him take it back."

And the young man rose from his seat as though to go after Doctor Thurston to compel an immediate retraction. His father put both hands on his shoulders, and thrust him back into the chair. There the son sat looking up into his father's eyes, and the touch of his father's hands and his father's fiery gaze seemed to sober him rapidly.

For a minute at least the two men said nothing. Winslow tugged helplessly at his sparse mustache. His father towered over him, tall, thin, with his eyes blazing above his high cheek-bones.

At last Ezra Pierce had sufficient control of himself to speak again.

"Where have you been?" he asked.

"I've been to the club," was his son's answer, and the young man's speech was already less broken and not so thick; apparently he was recovering his wits.

"What have you been doing?" was the father's next question.

"I've been playing poker," Winslow responded; "that's what I've been doing, and I've won seventy-five dollars."

"Gambling!" cried Ezra Pierce, in horror. "You are drunk, and you have been gambling! I never thought that a son of mine would ever be a gambler!"

"Why shouldn't a son of yours be a gambler?" Winslow retorted. "What's the difference between gambling at a club and speculating on the Street? I don't see any difference—except that we have a square game at the club. I suppose it is gambling, as you call it, but we play fair anyway—and that's more than you do on the Street."

Ezra Pierce drew back, shocked. "Winslow," he began, "I could forgive you for being intoxicated, but that's no excuse for you accusing me of the sin you have been guilty of."

"I don't suppose you're any worse than the rest of them," said the son. "What's the use of talking? You have your fun one way and I have mine another. You get your excitement down town; and that suits you, and it's enough for you. Well, it isn't enough for me. I'm younger than you are, of course, and I mean to have a good time while I can. I'm going to open a bottle of wine now and then when I like, and I'm going to play cards for money when I want to. You can call it gambling if you like; I don't care."

Ezra Pierce stood before his son in silent astonishment. How could the boy talk in this fashion? Where had he picked up these wicked thoughts? The father felt as though a fiery gulf had suddenly opened before him. He was astounded, and he could not find words adequate to his emotions.

He looked at Winslow, and all he found to say was, "Is this your gratitude for all I have done for you?"

"What have you done for me?" Winslow answered, rousing himself once more. "You give me ten thousand dollars a year. Well, what's ten thousand dollars a year to you. There'll be a lot more than that coming to me some day, won't there? I've been to the safe-deposit vaults with you, and I know what you are worth; don't forget that! I know you have millions and millions—and I'll have them some day, won't I? Then what's a paltry ten thousand dollars a year to me when I'm going to have millions?"

Ezra Pierce took a long breath and said, slowly: "Do not be too sure of my money, Winslow! I may alter my will!" Then he added, fiercely, "And I'll do it too if I see you in this condition again, or if I ever hear of your gambling."

"You haven't anybody to leave your money to but me," was his son's calm reply, "excepting you give it to Doctor Thurston for charity, and nonsense of that sort. Charity begins at home, I say, and I'm your only son. I'm the best charity for you, and I'll break the will if you try to give away my money to anybody else!"

Ezra Pierce listened impatiently, and now he broke in.

"You are very much mistaken," he cried, and his voice was even more rasping than usual, "if you think I'm going to let you squander the money I've made by hard work."

"Hard work!" returned Winslow, scornfully. "Don't talk to me about your hard work! I know better. I know that no man can start with nothing and make a million dollars by hard work. Anybody who has more than a million dollars made it out of somebody else!"

This was more than Ezra Pierce was prepared to stand.

"Winslow!" he shouted, advancing towards his son with uplifted hand and clinched fist, "I—"

Then he was interrupted by the appearance of a thin white figure, which glided into the room and stood by the side of her son.

"Mother!" cried Winslow.

"You here?" her husband asked.

"Yes," she answered; "I heard you quarrelling, and I came down to stop it."

"But you will catch your death of cold, mother," said her son; "you haven't anything on."

"I came down at once," she answered. "I could not wait to dress. Now, father, send Winslow to bed. It is very late. You can talk more calmly to-morrow, both of you."

"All right, mother," Winslow responded, promptly, "I'd just as leave go now. Good-night!" and he kissed her.

At the door he stopped and looked back at his father and said, "Good-night."

Ezra Pierce made no response, though his wife looked at him pitifully.

"You must go back to bed at once," he said.

"I'm ready to go now," she answered; "but I had to come down. I couldn't bear to hear you two quarrelling. Yet I knew it was bound to come soon. I've seen Winslow getting into trouble for some time. I do hope Mary and he will keep friends."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRIZE-FIGHTING IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

> "If I go to him, with my armèd fist
> I'll pash him o'er the face."
> —*Troilus and Cressida*, Act II., Scene III.

It is curious to note that in Joseph Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, first published in 1801, and in all the later editions of that valuable work, there is not made any allusion, even in passing, to that particular pastime and sport to which, of all others, perhaps, the Anglo-Saxon is the most addicted. Strutt devotes chapters to boat-racing and to horse-racing, to shooting and fishing, to wrestling and fencing, to cock-fighting and to dog-fighting, but he is profoundly silent regarding the fighting of men.

Pollux, so long and so well known as the twin-brother of Castor, is mentioned by Homer as being "good with his fists," and he is generally regarded as the Patron Saint of Pugilism. This same Homer, in the list of the sports which celebrated the funeral of Patroclus, places Boxing second. It came after the horse-race and before the wrestling-match, showing the distinction between wrestling and sparring, even in Homer's day—whenever that may have been. "The Iliad" shows clearly that the Champion wore a belt, although it does not show that he had to win it; and it speaks of the bands of leather cut from a bull's hide which were worn on the hands. These were intended to protect the knuckles, however, rather than to deaden the blows. The ring was formed by the spectators, sitting or standing on the ground in a circle about the contestants.

Mr. E. B. Mitchell, in *The Badminton Library*, quotes a distinguished French traveller—whose name is not given—as saying, in one of the earliest years of the reign of the First George, that "Anything that looks like fighting is delicious to an Englishman. If two little boys quarrel in the street, the passengers stop, make a ring 'round them in a moment, that they may come to fisticuffs. . . . During the fight the ring of bystanders encourage the combatants with great delight of heart, and never part them while they fight according to the rules. . . . The fathers and mothers of the boys let them fight on as well as the rest, and hearten him that gives ground or has the worst. . . . If a coachman has a dispute about his fare with a gentleman that has hired him, the coachman consents, with all his heart; the gentleman pulls off his sword and lays it in some shop, with his cane, gloves, and cravat, and boxes in the same manner as I have described above. I once saw the late Duke of Grafton at fisticuffs in the open street with such a fellow, whom he lammed most horribly." *Hearten* means "to give heart or courage." The signification of the verb *to lam* must be familiar to all.

Mr. James Figg, a native of Oxfordshire, seems to have been the first professional bruiser who attained any great prominence in England. He was, we are told, a man of unusual strength and agility. He distinguished himself by his victories over all his provincial competitors in the arts of single-stick and cudgel-playing, before he went to the Metropolis to teach the nobility and gentry of that period the manly arts of self-defence with the broadsword and the fists. He fought twice, without gloves, with Sutton, the pipe-maker of Gravesend, and once each with Tom Buck and Bob Stokes. His portrait was engraved in mezzotint by Faber. Hogarth, in the second plate of *The Rake's Progress*, perpetuated his face and figure, and also introduced him, curiously enough, on horseback, in *Southwark Fair*, with his head well plastered. Figg died in 1734, and was buried in the Church of St. Mary-le-Bone.

Figg's Amphitheatre was in Mary-le-Bone Parish, near the Oxford Road, and bear-baiting, tiger-hunting, cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and human fighting were among the attractions of the place.

Mrs. Stokes, the City Championess, according to an old advertisement, challenged the Hibernian Championess to meet her at Figg's; and there are frequent allusions to similar encounters of the pugilistic sort among the members of the gentler sex of those days.

In 1768 we are told that two women fought for a new shift, valued at half a crown, in Spa Fields, near Islington, and that the battle was won by "Bruising Peg," who beat her antagonist in a terrible manner. And in the summer of the same year we learn, that in the same ring two women, whose names are not given, fought "an extraordinary battle with two tailors, for a guinea a head," the ladies being the victors.

Why tailors?

Here is a paragraph printed in one of the London papers in 1772: "Challenge—I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and require satisfaction, do invite her to meet me upon the stage, and box me for three guineas; each woman holding half a crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle." The acceptance appeared some days later to this effect: "I, Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, God willing, to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows, and from her no favor; she may expect a good thumping." The result of the match, unfortunately, is not recorded. The holding of the half-crown in each hand was an ingenious device to prevent the combatants from scratching. The professional combatant refuses to come to the scratch now without a handful of gate-money; and no man who works with his brains can make half so much!

John Broughton, who stood five feet eleven inches, and who weighed fourteen stone, has been termed the "Father of the Truly English Art of Self-Defence." He was Champion from 1740 to 1750, and he was the first to draw up any definite rules for the regulation of the Prize-fight. His most distinguished patron was the distinguished Duke of Cumberland, of the Blood Royal, who is said to have gone from Broughton's boxing-booth to Culloden, and to have gone directly to Broughton's on his return from his own great butchering expedition. It is recorded that the duke once took the pugilist to the Continent, and asked his opinion of the Grenadier Guards at Berlin; and that the Champion expressed his readiness to fight the whole regiment, one by one, if he were allowed a breakfast between each battle. Broughton seems to have been a man of a good deal of common-sense, and to have fought with his brains as well as with his fists. He was unfortunate, because too sanguine, in an encounter with one Jack Slack, however, and he lost his popularity and his prestige at one fell swoop between the eyes. The Noble and Right Royal duke was his financial backer on this occasion, and he is reported to have jeered at the fallen champion, whose defeat cost his Royal Highness ten thousand guineas.

At Broughton's Amphitheatre for Boxing, otherwise called "the Tottenham Court Nursery," the pugilistic encounters took place upon an uncovered platform in a yard open to the public street. An advertisement of this establishment given in full in *Old and New London* is worth quoting here in part. "A lecture on Manhood or Gymnastic Physiology, wherein the whole Theory and Practice of the Art of Boxing will be fully explained by various Operators on the Animal Œconomy and the Principals of Championism, illustrated by proper Experiments on the Solids and Fluids of the Body, together with the True Method of investigating the Nature of the Blows, Stops, Cross-buttocks, etc., incident to Combatants. The whole leading to the most successful Method of beating a Man deaf, dumb, lame, and blind." A foot-note states that "The Syllabus, or Compendium, for the use of Students in Athleticks, referring to Matters explained in this Lecture, may be had of Mr. Professor Broughton in Market Lane, where proper Instructions in the Art and Practice of Boxing are delivered, without Loss of Eye or Limb to the Student."

Peter Cunningham preserves the following extract from the London *Daily Advertiser* of December 11, 1745. "At Broughton's Amphitheatre this day will be a tremendous decision of manhood between the celebrated Champions James and Smallwood. *Note*, as this contest is likely to be rendered horrible with blood and bruises, all Frenchmen are desired to come fortified with a proper quantity of hartshorn." The price of general admission is not given, but Noblemen and Gentlemen were told that they could obtain tickets for five shillings, "which would admit them into a part of the house appropriated for their better accommodation."

Broughton died in 1789, "eminently respected," and in his eighty-fifth year.

The only other distinguished bruiser who seems to have enjoyed the confidence and friendship of royalty was John Jackson, who was blessed by the patronage of George the Fourth, and who even assisted as a page at the coronation of the First Gentleman in Europe. His limbs are described as being elegantly proportioned, and his arms, we are told, for athletic beauty and development was not to be surpassed. Lord Byron in a Note on *Don Juan*, Canto II., refers to his "old friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esquire, Professor of Pugilism," and he speaks of "the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good humor and his athletic as well as mental accomplishments." Several letters of Byron to Jackson are preserved in Moore's *Life* of the former; and Moore says that the Professor "kept a very neat establishment," where he made a thousand pounds a year by teaching his art. He was exceedingly exclusive in his choice of pupils, and he admitted no person to his "parlours" who was not properly introduced. Jackson died in retirement, in 1845, and he lies under an altar tomb, with a pompous epitaph and characteristic and symbolic carvings, in Brompton Cemetery.

Coventry Patmore, in his *Diary*, gives a curious picture of Hazlitt at a Prize Fight in 1822. It was the famous set-to between the Gas-Man and Neate, which was the talk of the town. Says Mr. Patmore: "After it was over we joined company, and I then found that he [Hazlitt] had taken the most profound metaphysical as well as personal interest in the battle; and I never heard him talk finer or more philosophically than he did on the subject which he treated—and justly, I think—as one eminently worthy of being so considered and treated. As a study of human nature and the varieties of its character and constitution he looked upon the scene as the finest sight he had ever witnessed; and as a display of animal courage he spoke of the battle as nothing short of sublime. I found that he had paid the most intense attention to every part of the combat, had watched the various chances and changes of its progress, with the eye and tact of an experienced amateur, and could have given (and in fact afterwards did give in the *New Monthly Magazine*) an infinitely better, because a more characteristic and intelligible, account of its details than the professional reporters employed for that purpose."

The gentle author of *The Table Talk* as a sporting editor and special correspondent at a Prize Fight, speaking of the mill as "a sublime spectacle," is only another example of the love which every Anglo-Saxon is supposed to have for a row.

LAURENCE HUTTON.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

INDIA—NORTHWESTERN PROVINCES.

THERE are two routes by which it was possible for us to reach the northwestern frontier of British India and examine the great line of railway which has been constructed mainly, if not entirely, for the protection of the Indian peninsula from foreign invasion. It is possible to reach it either by land or sea, but to do so by land involves a very long detour to the eastward, to the point where the great eastern line joins that of the northwest at Allahabad, on the river Ganges. We determined, therefore, rather to go by sea up the northwestern coast as far as Kurrachee, which lies to the north of the mouths of the Indus, at the northern limit of the Arabian Sea. This point was not many years ago almost the extreme northwestern limit of the British Indian Empire, but the frontier has of late years been considerably advanced to the northward and east at the expense of both Afghanistan and Beloochistan, for the purpose of rendering the frontier line more defensible against foreign invasion.

Leaving the beautiful harbor of Bombay by a coasting steamer, which, although not large, was well appointed and comfortable in all respects, we called at the ports of Veraval and Porbunder, in the peninsula of Gujerat, and also at Mandavee, in Cutch, before we reached Kurrachee. These harbors, like nearly all those on the coast, are bad, and communication with the shore at each point is a matter of lighterage by means of native boats.

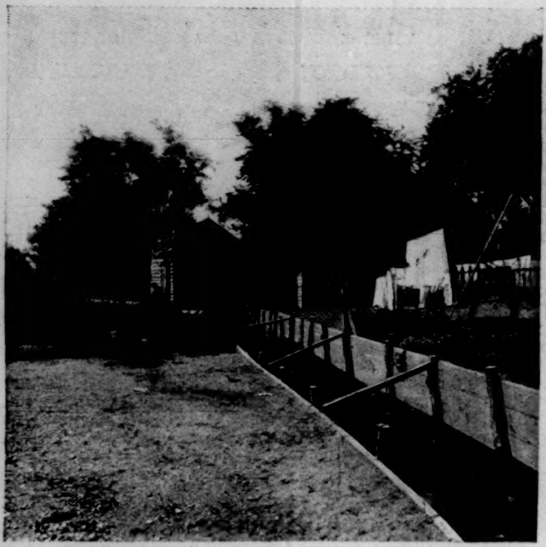
Kurrachee itself is one of the most modern, as it is likely eventually to become one of the most important, of Indian seaports. Like the great railway line of northwestern India, it owes its importance and prosperity, present and prospective, to military considerations. It is not only the nearest harbor in India to the only vulnerable point left by nature in the great barrier of defensive mountains that guards the rich plains of Hindostan against encroachment by land, but it is also the nearest port to Great Britain by the Mediterranean route. Such advantages could not escape observation, and Kurrachee to-day is the result. The harbor was naturally a good one as harbors go in India, and no expense is being spared in improving it to the utmost. There are to-day more modern facilities of transport than in any other port in India. There are extensive wharves, easy of access, and the tracks of the Northwestern Railway are carried out upon them, so that the ships can unload into the cars direct, and whole trains can be loaded and despatched without a moment's delay.

Although not the headquarters of the Northwestern Railway, Kurrachee is in many respects its most important terminus. The railway, which extends nearly two thousand five hundred miles, is entirely a government enterprise, and the town has in every way benefited from the same fostering care. It is at this moment probably the most rapidly progressive of any in India, and whether in the laying out of the city or in its arrangements for water-supply, and the hardly less important provision for efficient sewerage, few, if any, of the cities of India can as yet compare with the new seaport.

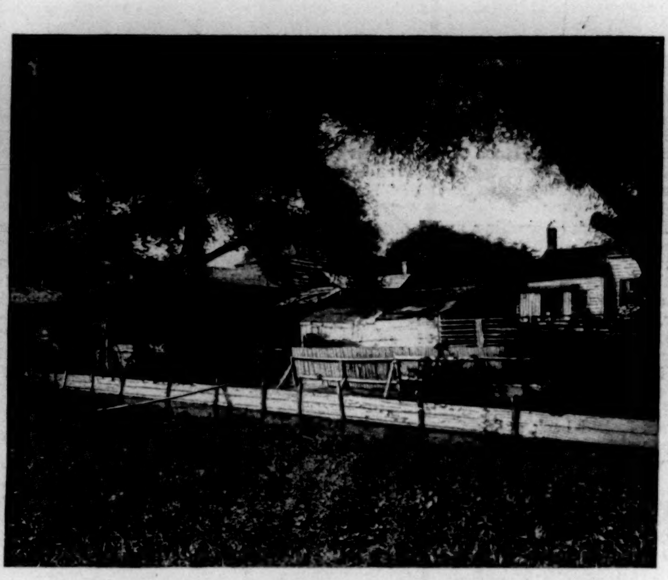
On landing at Kurrachee, and even more as we began to ascend the valley of the Indus, we were struck by the change, that became more and more marked, in the character of the animals used for purposes of transport. The zebus, great and small, that from our first landing at Colombo had formed the almost exclusive burden-bearers of the country for all ordinary purposes, now gave place more and more to camels. There are still ox-carts to be met with at Kurrachee, and even inland, for some purposes, but the more primitive mode of transport, by carrying, rapidly takes the place of cartage for all native purposes, and even in the town itself one meets the quaint spectacle of camels stalking slowly along loaded with trusses of hay, which often at first sight give the ungainly animals an amusing resemblance to some kind of ostrich.

The further we advanced into the country and the nearer we drew to the great boundary line that divides India from Central Asia, the more universal did the use of the camel become. The long dusty roads showed from the railway as we passed nothing but long processions of these animals, hardly ever diversified by a zebu cart or a horse or mule. In this region the camel has taken up the carrying trade so far as it is not yet done by the modern railway. Nor is it only for transport that the camel is used in this part of the country. Now and then we come in sight of the farmer of the district, accompanied by an assistant, ploughing with a pair of camels and a plough, the pattern of which must surely be as ancient as the sacred Vedas of the immemorial East.

As the frontier is approached more nearly, the fact of the line of railway and all its surroundings being mainly a military one forces itself more and more on the attention. At every station military matters come more and more to the front. Camels do not seem to find favor with the authorities of the commissariat department, and once more the zebu with his cart, although of a rather more European type, comes into general use. These are used, however, for the slow and heavy traffic for the most part, the position taken in Ceylon and southern India by the light or pony zebus in the draught of light loads and passengers being handed over on the northern frontier to mules, which are used for this work to a large extent by the commissariat branch of the military service. At the railway stations, indeed, such as Quetta, where there is a considerable demand for personal transport by Europeans, the hired carriages, known as "tumtums," are drawn by horses, not, it must be confessed, of the very highest type. Here, where the cold has increased with the greatly increased elevation of the country, the characteristic elephant of India has almost wholly disappeared, although it is not impossible that even now in case of emergency the great military burden-bearer of the far East might yet be used to scale the steeps of the Bolan Pass.

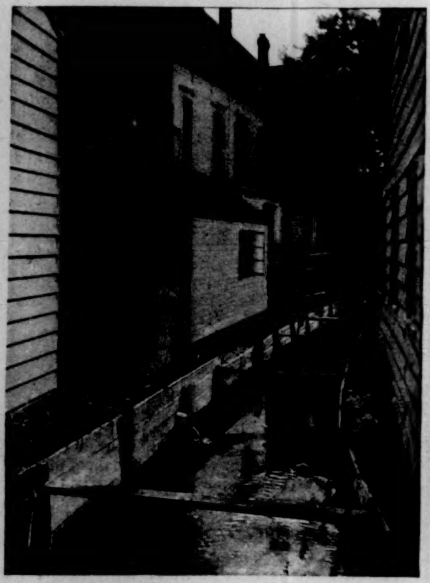


No. 1.—FULTON STREET, BETWEEN CLINTON AND CROSS—REFUSE FROM HOUSE, CLOSETS, AND BARN DRAINING INTO THE STREAM.

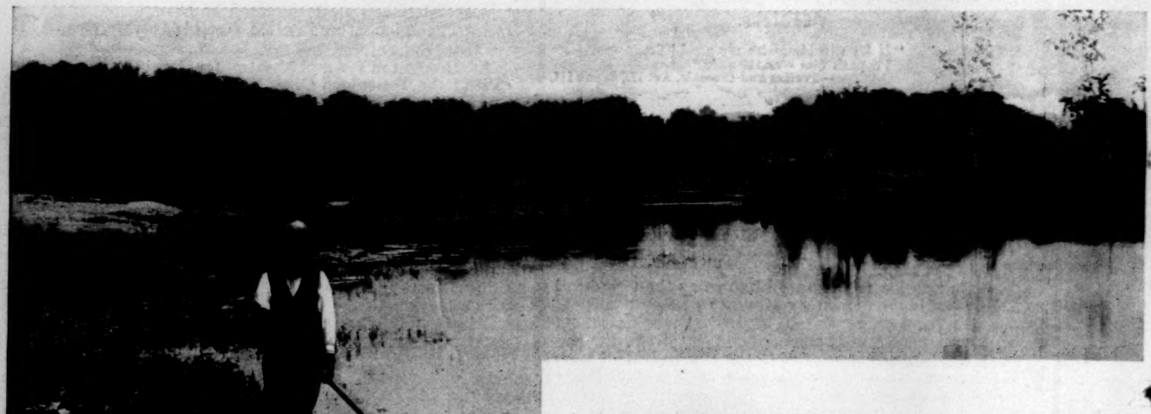


No. 2.—REAR OF CLINTON STREET—BARNS, HOG-PENS, MANURE HEAPS, CLOSETS, ETC., THREE FEET FROM THE STREAM.

No. 3.—REAR OF GAS-HOUSE AND BARN
AT HEMPSTEAD.—Accumulations of Coal-o
Drainage, etc., on the Surface of the Water.

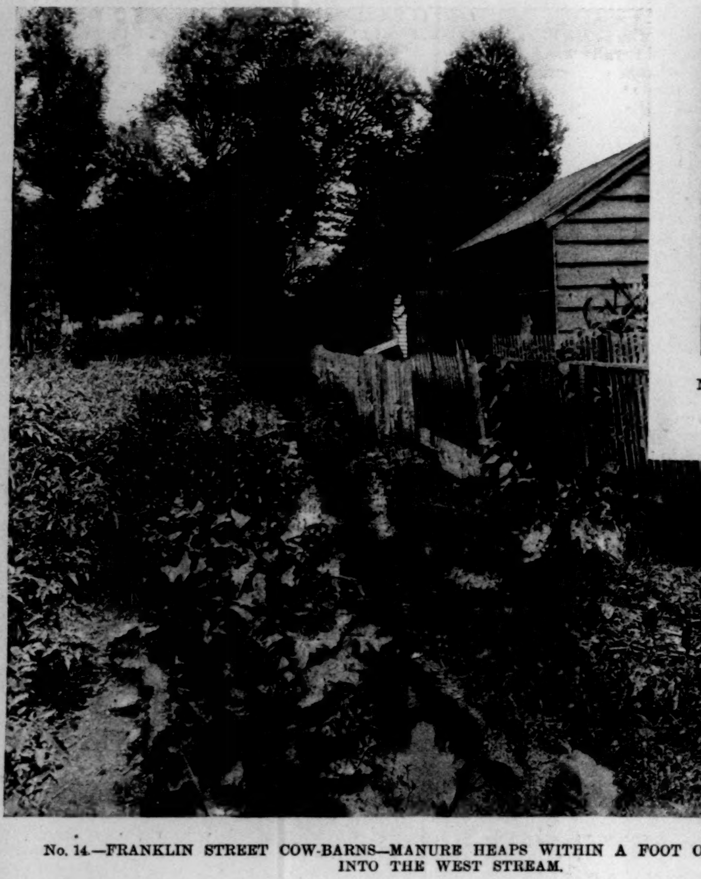


No. 7.—SEWER-PIPE EMPTYING INTO THE STREAM ON GREENWICH STREET.

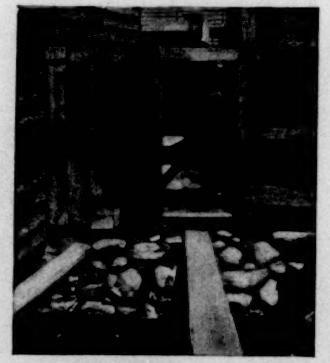


No. 16.—HEAD OF THE STORAGE RESERVOIR, SHOWING THE INSPECTOR AND THE ACCUMULATIONS OF SLUDGE RAKED UP ON THE BANKS.

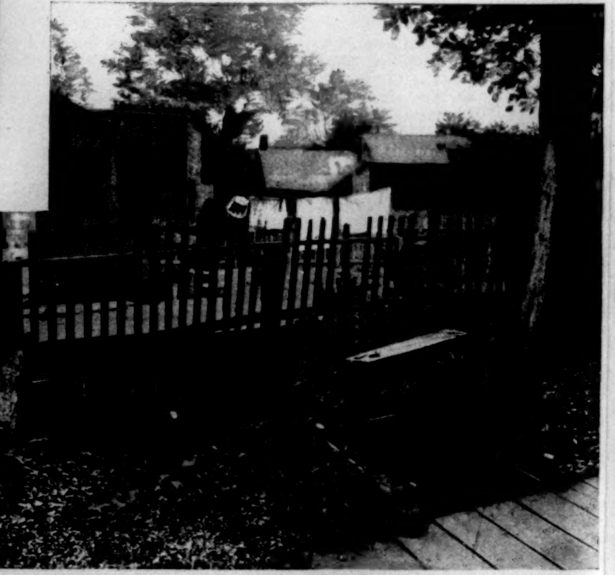
No. 17.—STORAGE RESERVOIR, LOO
Its Bed is very Slimy, a



No. 14.—FRANKLIN STREET COW-BARNS—MANURE HEAPS WITHIN A FOOT OF AND DRAINING INTO THE WEST STREAM.

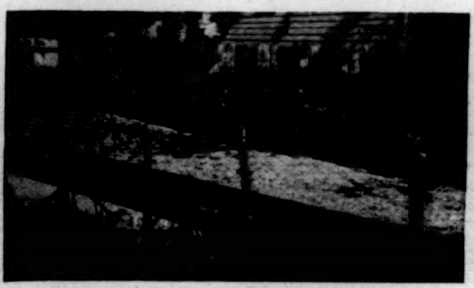


No. 9.—CLOSET WITH DRAIN-PIPE IN THE STONE WALL EMPTYING INTO THE STREAM.

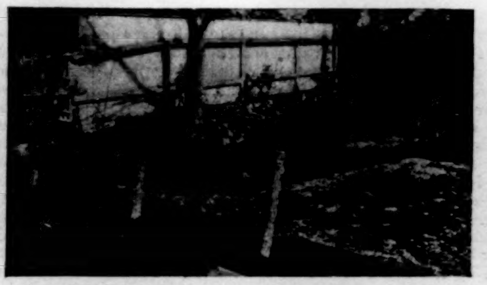


No. 13.—HOUSES BORDERING ALONG THE STREAM, INTO WHICH REFUSE, ETC., ENTERS.

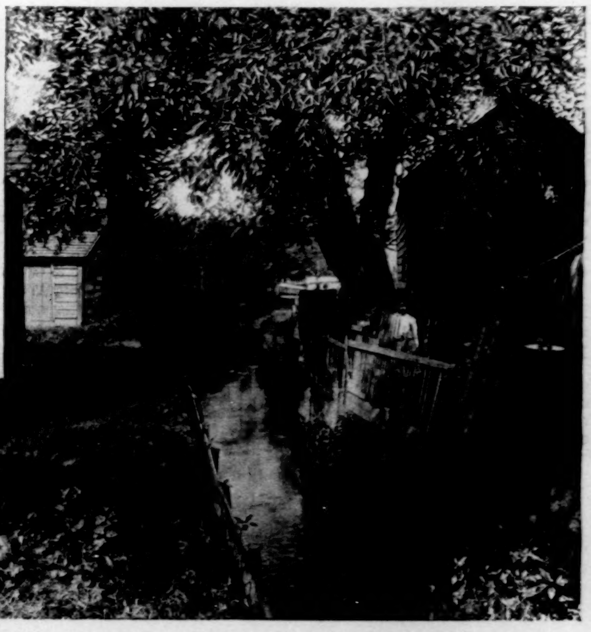
AN IMPURE SOURCE OF BROOKLYN WATER—HORSE B



No. 5.—STAGNANT POOL OF REFUSE WATER FROM RESIDENCES NEAR THE FENCE IN THE BACKGROUND.

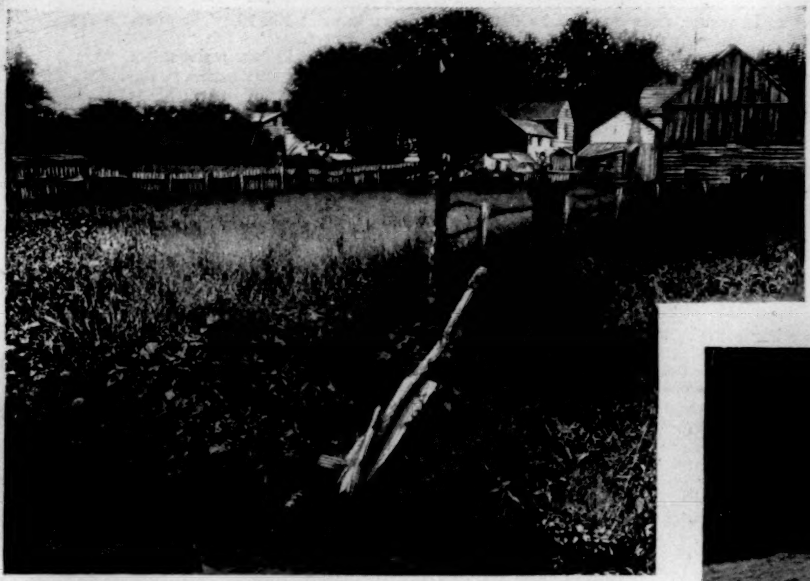


No. 6.—SHOWING WHERE THE POOL FINALLY EMPTIES INTO THE MAIN STREAM.

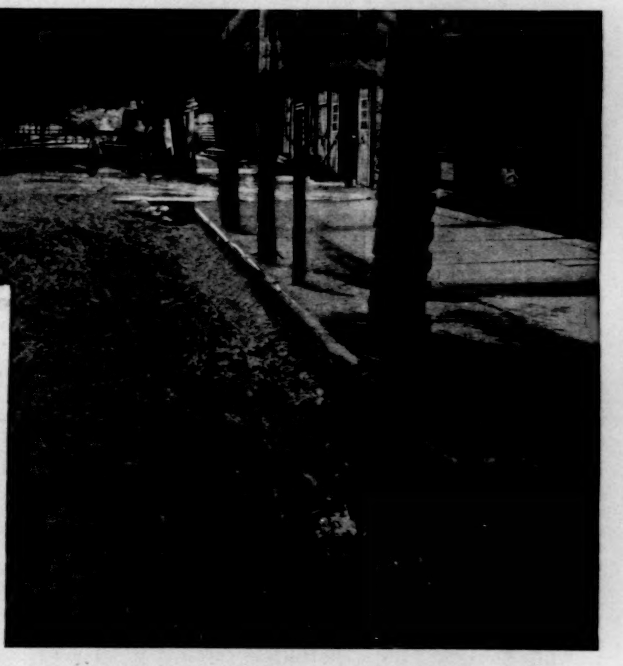


No. 4.—SOUTH SIDE OF THE BROOK—REFUSE FROM COW-BARNS AND HOUSES DRAINING INTO THE STREAM.

BARNS
f Coal-oil
Water.

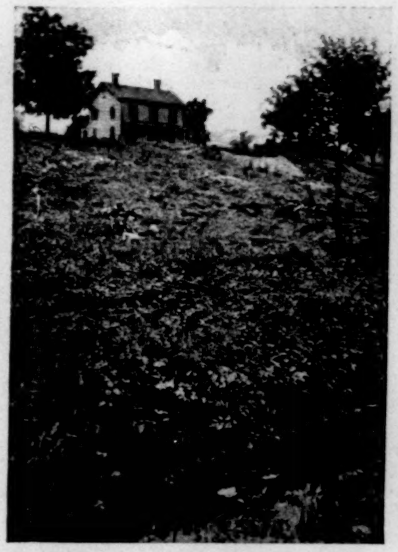


No. 10.—A DRAIN-PIPE RUNNING FROM A HOUSE ON FRONT STREET EMPTIES INTO THE STREAM HERE NEAR THE FENCE.

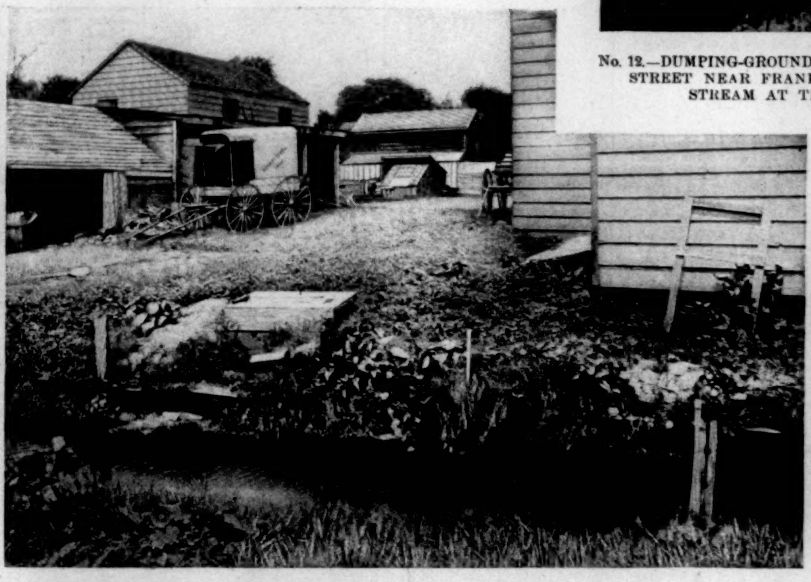


No. 8.—LOOKING DOWN GREENWICH STREET—FILTH OF ALL KINDS IS WASHED BY THE RAIN FROM THE ROAD INTO THE SEWER-PIPE AND CARRIED INTO THE STREAM.

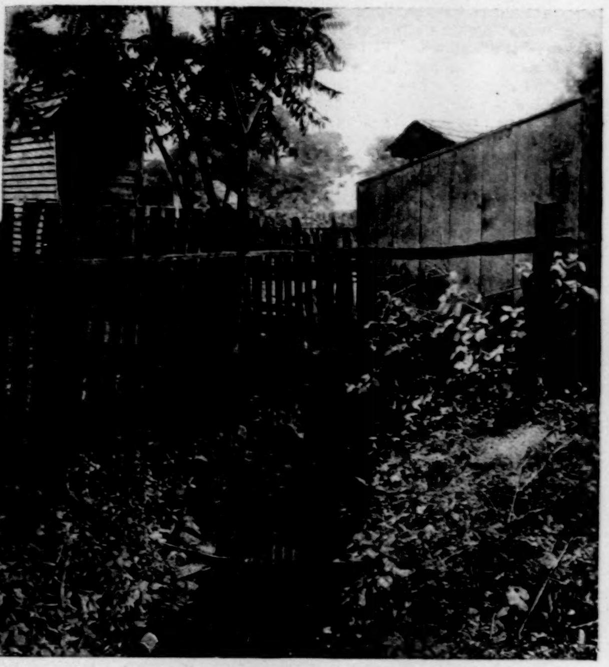
R, LOOKING TOWARDS ROCKVILLE CENTRE.
Sliny, and full of Grass, Weeds, etc.



No. 12.—DUMPING-GROUND FACING PROSPECT STREET NEAR FRANKLIN, WITH THE STREAM AT THE FOOT.



No. 11.—SLAUGHTER-HOUSE AND BARN, WITH A DRAINAGE OF BLOOD AND REFUSE, BORDERING ON THE STREAM.



No. 15.—DRAINAGE FROM BARNS AND MANURE HEAPS OOZING INTO THE WEST STREAM.
The Water here is thick with a Green Scum.

RSE BROOK AND THE HEMPSTEAD RESERVOIR.—[See Page 828.]

AN IMPURE SOURCE OF BROOKLYN WATER.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

HOW worn out, worked dry, is the story of a certain London pump, known as the Broad Street pump! Suppose it did help at times to propagate disease? How wild, indeed, were the speculations indulged in then (it was ever so many years ago) by Sir Richard Owen—and one in particular, "that water was a source of contagion"!

Why did Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson ever write that fantastic skit called *Hygeia, an Ideal City?* And why does he still keep toying with his fads, describing only yesterday what was the past and present of sanitation? Why should we have it dinned into our ears that it was a certain Doctor John Shaw who "theorized" that cholera was conveyed chiefly by water? Why should placid, comfortable, decorous communities be annoyed by societies calling themselves Epidemilogical, who make it their special disagreeable business to track back the sources of the zymotic or filth diseases, and comment imperturbably upon their spread?

What is the use of trying to stamp out typhoid by precautionary methods, such as relate to cesspools or sources of drinking water? What a bother they are making about those pilgrimages to Mecca! Why should European powers interfere with the devotions of pious Islamites, some of the worshippers of the Prophet coming from the mouths of the far remote Ganges? What earthly business is it of ours if a Persian at his last gasp does expire as he kisses the sacred Kaaba? It is only a matter of drinking water where disease is concentrated, to be dispersed all over the track of the pilgrims, which route is in large part along the Mediterranean; and yet it is well worthy of remembering that we do have considerable business with points adjacent to that great Middle Sea. What possible occasion is there to be sensational? Why not be cold-blooded, matter of fact, about the entire business? Why not adopt Oriental ways and be fatalists, and say, "Laissez faire"?

To topple down from the speculative grandiose to the actual commonplace, always with the fullest display of marks of interrogation, how does something of this kind happen? Here is a hospital in a neighboring city. The supervision is excellent. The intelligence, the precaution used by the presiding officer and his clever assistants, are worthy of all praise. It is an institution better, not worse, than those usually found in large cities. Two patients, A and B, not supposititious personages by any means, enter this same hospital for certain troubles. A, a lad of fifteen, is suffering from epilepsy. The register shows his actual coming there during the middle of May of this year. About the beginning of July he is down with typhoid fever. The books note that he, A, was not out of the hospital from the time he entered it. Here is the other case, B. This man was over fifty, and his trouble a chronic ulceration of the leg. His entrance to the hospital was earlier than A's. About the middle of July he too had typhoid, and he had not been permitted to leave the hospital; possibly his bad leg prevented locomotion.

How did A and B take typhoid? Was it by contagion or infection? If there is anywhere where a disease ought not to be propagated by contagion or contact, the hospital, theoretically at least, is that place. Such a supposition as contagion would be highly uncomplimentary to the physicians in charge. Could the disease have been latent in A or B? It is difficult to determine. It would, however, be hardly sufficient to account for these particular cases of typhoid. As far as is known, typhoid is not latent for two or three months. The periods of incubation of many diseases have, however, not yet been specified. But typhoid is supposedly not contagious. Was the disease due to infection, or was a taint carried into the hospital in some unknown manner? Can such causes of infection ever be determined? We are positive to-day that typhoid fever is brought by means of milk or water. The causes of typhoid in these two hospital cases are not to be narrowed down to the fluids alone, but nevertheless in the milk and in the water were the probable origins of disease. The milk must be under control in a certain measure in this hospital, but the water is not, because it may come from sources which are not carefully safeguarded.

When an article of this character, with the title "An Impure Source of Brooklyn Water," is presented, the paper owes its entire strength, if it has any, to the illustrations. It is intended to be nothing more than an object-lesson. You may force figures, twist deductions, propound theories, make the impossible plausible by gift of pen, but the finest manufactured figures of speech are entirely subservient to the pictures of the camera as photographed by Mr. Ernest Marx. All that has been done in this text is to verify the surroundings of these pictures, and utilize on the part of the observer his own every-day ordinary sense of sight and smell.

The intention to cause a scare is entirely foreign to this paper. It is not to be insisted on that the water Brooklyn drinks "is the worst in the world," for it is known to be good. All the sources from whence the city derives its supply of water have not been visited. It is not known whether those not actually examined are better or worse than the one described in this article. It will not even be insisted upon that the present condition of the water is a source of disease. Nothing is to be taken by inference.

Would it be deemed, in an æsthetic sense, entirely "nice" if a goblet of water were handed a reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY which fluid, turbid and odorous, had been drawn from a small stream in close proximity to a cesspool, or a cow-barn, or a horse-stable, or a pig-pen, or a slaughter-house, or a gas-house, or even a laundry?

Hempstead is a small town on Long Island, in Queens County, some twenty-one miles from Brooklyn. It is an old settlement, dating back from the middle of the seventeenth century. The population may be something over 5000. It is a fairly tidy town, somewhat extended, presenting about the same conditions as do small country centres. There are clean people and dirty people in all towns. In Hempstead the clean people are decidedly in the majority, and this is visible from the neatness of the houses and the well-shorn lawns.

Deriving its source from various ponds, there is a small rivulet at Hempstead known as Horse Brook. This Horse Brook twists and turns through a considerable portion of Hempstead, and then empties itself into the Hempstead reservoir, and this Hempstead reservoir supplies in large part the city of Brooklyn with its water.

There is another small rivulet, known as the Scotic, emptying into this reservoir, but it is insignificant as to size and volume of water. Of that water which makes up the aggregate of the reservoir, Horse Brook must supply a large proportion. Such natural springs as are found in the reservoir have not been measured.

To describe Horse Brook is to call it an insignificant brooklet. When seen at the close of July it was nowhere more than six feet in breadth—that is, as it ran through Hempstead. In depth it could not have averaged more than eight inches. It had a slight current, following the nature of all rivulets, though the speed of the water was checked by numerous twists and turns. Following out this particular brook, it was found that there was a feeder to it dignified by the name of the West Stream. Over this West Stream the crossing could be made without increasing the natural walking stride. The day Horse Brook and its feeder were visited, the 31st of July, ought to have been a propitious one as to their general appearance, because there had been a great deal of rain during the entire month, and on the afternoon of the 30th of July there had been a heavy downpour. In winter, from the thawing of the snow, and from heavy spring rains, Horse Brook breaks bounds, and there is a miniature freshet. Creeks naturally take the lowest level, and so Horse Brook, true to its character, meanders along at the base of the undulating ground of the town or village of Hempstead.

Into this brook comes the larger portion of the horse-droppings of the street, for every rain must carry it there. Facilities for cleansing the streets of Hempstead are further extended by means of pipes or sewers leading directly into the Horse Brook. In Hempstead, not far from the brook, are two church-yards, and in one of them a few years ago there were interments. The grade in proximity to the brook is an easy one, three or four feet in a thousand. In occasional parts of Hempstead it is more rapid.

Print No. 1 shows the brook with a house to the west. The house to the immediate right is occupied by a colored washer-woman. The clothes on the line indicate her occupation. Back of it is a closet. The place is not untidy, but the wash-water and other waters must go into the stream. Over the stream there is a rotten old barn.

Print No. 2 is in the rear of Clinton Street. Here are dilapidated barns, hog-pens, manure piles, and closets not more than three feet from the stream. Here the ground has somewhat of an incline, so that all fluids and sweepings must fall into the stream. It is not a neatly kept enclosure.

Hempstead must have its illumination, and one picture, No. 3, is taken directly back of the gas-house. On the plot of the gas-house facing the brook is a well, into which the fluids of the gas distillation are collected. There probably is a pipe with an overflow here; even if there is not, there are leakages. The Horse Brook is always bubbling here from rising gases, and bears on its surface the iridescence common to the oily hydrocarbons. The ammoniacal fluid can be smelt. The coal oil and tar must be constant here. Opposite to the gas-house is a row of barns. It can be seen how shallow is the stream itself, and the presence of the oil on the water is clearly indicated in the photograph.

Print No. 4 shows the south side of the brook. On the left of it are cow-barns, and all the dumpings must be carried into the stream. On the right there is a colored family. The apparatus for washing is visible. The carpet indicates the beating of it. The broken and open palings show that those living here wish every facility in approaching Horse Brook. A fallen branch from a tree was seen here. It had collected many square feet of a wrinkled viscid scum.

No. 5 and No. 6 are to be looked at together. Between the brook and the three or four houses having barns there is a strip of ground with a depression, as shown in the print, where the rank vegetable growth ends. This is filled with a filthy green fluid, the seepings from the barn. Here this nastiness settles and becomes stagnant. When there is an excess of fluid from the barns, or there comes a rain, the mass of filth moves slowly on, and empties itself deliberately into Horse Brook, as shown precisely to the extreme left of the print No. 6. This is a constant and capacious feeder of impurity.

In the print No. 7 no fault can be laid on the houses adjacent to the brook, but the not pleasant feature is a sewer-pipe to the left. This shows a pipe delivering the sewage of the street into the brook. Looking down Greenwich Street from the front of a public house there, print No. 8 shows the conditions of a roadway in Hempstead. On the line of the gutter is the sewer-pipe. All the refuse passing that way is carried into the brook.

No. 9 is the hard and dry detail of the back of a house of entertainment seen through an ugly gate. To the left is a plank thrown across the brook, and there is a little pipe. Here there passes continually what can be nothing else than the overflow of what is the nastiest of all things. From long dripping, the color of the stones under the pipe shows the character of the fluid

Some scrutiny is necessary when examining print No. 10. There is a fallen rail from the fence, and to the left of it a drain-pipe. This pipe looks as if an effort had been made to conceal it. It leads from a house on Front Street. Unquestionably it is in direct communication with the closets. The house itself is occupied by workmen who exercise their calling at night. It is certain that all kinds of abominations are conveyed to Horse Brook through that pipe.

No. 11. There is a slaughter-house here. Now where else can the blood and refuse find their way from that yard but into the brook? There is a barn where animals are kept in close proximity to the water.

There is a fair rise of ground facing Prospect Street near Franklin. The print No. 12 is so taken as to show that elevation and the stream at its base. A dumping-ground in Hempstead represents nothing like as much refuse as would come from a small portion of a New York street in a congested district; but still, small as this Hempstead dump may be, the wash from it, the soluble essence, can be carried nowhere else but into Horse Brook. The water of the brook is here dark and turbid.

The West Stream, one of the little feeders of Horse Brook, figures in No. 13. The print is taken on Front Street. The house is occupied by a colored washer-woman. The small stream offers again the utmost conveniences to the industrious householder. All the wash-water must go into the West rivulet. Keeping again to this little West Stream, print 14 shows Franklin Street with cow-barns; with manure heaps within barely a foot of the water. The luxuriance of the vegetable growth is conspicuous here. It must be a soil thoroughly enriched with nitrogenous matter.

Always following the little feeder of the Horse Brook, No. 15 shows once more the West Stream, with a fine scum of decomposition. A wire gauze can be made out under the pickets at the back of the print. It is used to strain water. Manure oozes into the stream from the cow-sheds. A colored woman was seen in this neighborhood with a tin pail of water. The question was asked, "Did she drink that water?"

"Oh no," was her reply. "We goes for our water. Hempstead has got good water of its own, sir. We never drinks that water," pointing to the brook.

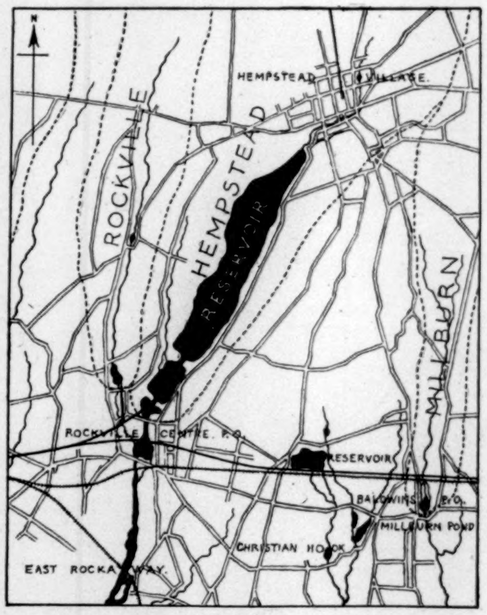
The head of the storage reservoir where Horse Brook makes its entrance is shown in print No. 16. The guardian of this water, who no doubt fulfils as faithfully as he can his duties, has a rake. It would take many rakes to remove all the slime, the nastiness, that settles at the bottom of this entrance to the reservoir. You can see it in places, and you may note the sludge as it has been raked up and left on the banks. The storage reservoir, No. 17, looking toward Rockville Centre, concludes this series of prints. It is here that the Horse Brook and the Scotic, mingling their waters, repose for a while, and are then carried without much further preparation to Brooklyn to be drunk.

Certainly there is revitalization of water. If not for that, there would be few of us alive to-day. The action of the air, the power of plant growth, destroy in the water the poisons poured into it. The rhythm of life and death, of death and life, is constant. Decomposition and the solution of everything into its primary elements is followed by recomposition. This recreation is the most marvellous of Nature's laws. But you can neither force nor jog Nature. Her laws are inexorable. It is all fine enough when you mix your minimized portion of corrupt matter with a maximum of water. Only let that water brawl, tear, and rush along, then oxidization, cleansing, burning, take place, and what is nasty becomes clean. The ocean is the great general purifier, and huge rivers are lesser ones. But the Thames near London is impotent.

Sanitary engineers have not yet tabulated what is the exact percentage of sewage or counted the germs of disease which can be run with impunity into a river. No one presumes to say to those living on the banks of the Ohio: "Drink away of this water; it did kill a great many people at Evansville, that is true, but it is bound not to hurt you. We have figured it all out scientifically. Fill up your tumblers, then, ye thirsty."

Horse Brook, as it runs through Hempstead, is one of the sources of the water drunk in Brooklyn, and it certainly wants policing. It is not in the province of this article to indicate what shall be the method of doing this. That Hempstead should use the brook to carry off its own sewage is natural, but that by no means implies the necessity that Brooklyn should drink of this water impregnated with filth.

A sketch map, taken from the annual report of the Department of City Works of Brooklyn for 1893, shows the position of Hempstead and of the Hempstead reservoir.



SKETCH MAP OF HEMPSTEAD AND THE HEMPSTEAD RESERVOIR.

This reservoir, according to the official map, is nearest to Brooklyn. As to volume, it is by very far the largest of all the collecting reservoirs, and is the prime source of Brooklyn water The condition of the Hempstead brook (Horse Brook) attracted the attention of the Chief Engineer of Brooklyn in 1893. In his report he describes these conditions—"the dangerous pollution to the waters of the Hempstead drainage area situated in the village of Hempstead." He tells of plans instigated by him "to remove all dangerous accumulations within a distance of 150 feet of the streams flowing through Hempstead." (Page 35, Annual Report of the Department of City Works for the year 1893. Made for the Common Council of the City of Brooklyn, January 31, 1894.) Certainly there has been little effort made to remove "all dangerous" (or any) "accumulations" in this Horse Brook.

·A·RECENT·JOURNEY·THROUGH·THE·WEST·

BY JULIAN RALPH

III.

PROGRESS IN CITY RULE.

NEW LAW FOR MINNESOTA CITIES.

THE Minnesota Legislature has this year passed a general law for the government of all the cities of the State. The law aims to provide for all the cities the best government that the shrewdest students of the subject can devise. It seeks to offset the need of special legislation, which is henceforth forbidden. It is also aimed at preventing the mending and changing of individual charters to suit the whims or schemes of changing parties in power, which tinkering, as one official expressed it, has brought constant trouble and shame upon New York and other Eastern cities. A general bill that contains no provision for general civil service reform cannot be called entirely progressive, no matter what or how numerous may be its other merits, yet this bill advances the government of cities in some important respects, and very materially.

The history of this law is interesting. The city of Winona felt a pressing need for certain improvements, and was unwilling to undertake them without a stable law under which to work. City Attorney W. A. Finkelberg, who has been a power in Winona's government for many years, set on foot a movement to obtain this law. In Minnesota he is regarded as one of the best-equipped students of municipal government in the State. He called upon Mr. H. W. Phillips, of St. Paul, the first assistant to the Corporation Attorney, and they invited Judge R. D. Russell and David F. Simpson, of Minneapolis, into their conclave. Russell was and Simpson is City Attorney of Minneapolis.

These gentlemen met several times, and were joined by some leading lawyers, not in office. All worked through the newspapers at first to influence public opinion in favor of the appointment of a commission to draft a general charter bill for all cities. Then two or three bills were introduced in the Legislature, and were referred to committees, which, by general consent, called in a body of lawyers to take the work in hand. The lawyers selected were from the different cities of the State—four from St. Paul, four from Minneapolis, one from Duluth, and one from Winona. These sent word to all the other cities, inviting assistance, and, as a result, a committee that embraced a varying number (between twelve and twenty) of the brightest legal men in the State met at the capital and worked upon the problem during forty days. They prepared a bill, which passed the Senate in 1893, but was not called in the House. There was no session of the Legislature in 1894, and in 1895 it was reintroduced in the Senate with some improvements. By reason of jealousy between the cities, another bill was presented from another city, and the two came forth a composite, passing both Houses, and being signed by the Executive.

By this bill the Common Council of each city is composed of one body, consisting of an Alderman from each ward and a certain number of Aldermen elected at large, the two bodies forming one. That amount of delay and care in legislation which all the cities of the land are seeking to obtain by one means or another is here obtained in this wise: every ordinance introduced at a Council meeting must lie over at least one week to a regular meeting for its second reading, when it may be amended. Then it must lie over another week, after which it may pass. The Mayor cannot act upon such a measure within four days, but must approve or veto it within ten days, else it will become a law without his action. His veto is absolute upon ordinances granting franchises and issuing bonds. In all Minnesota cities hereafter all franchises must be sold to the highest bidders at public auction.

The framers of the bill are especially pleased with the system that it establishes for safeguarding the expenditure of moneys used for public improvements. They predict that when it goes into operation and is tested it will be declared as fine a system for the condemnation of land and for the making of improvements and the management of assessments as has ever been devised. It provides absolutely that before entering upon any work of improvement the city shall determine how much it is to spend and where the money is to be got. Furthermore, the money shall be actually in the Treasury before a contract is let, and when a contract is let the money for it shall be set aside and credited to that account. The sections (especially 76, 77, and 78) outlining the duties of the Comptroller provide that he shall countersign all contracts of every nature, that this is needed to validate them; that he shall be the custodian of them, and that he shall not countersign a contract unless he has the funds applicable by law thereto. All claims and demands, before they shall be allowed by the Council, shall be audited and adjusted by him, and all warrants on the Treasury must be examined and countersigned by him, and then kept by him until delivered to the person entitled to them. He must designate and specify upon each claim, demand, and account the particular fund out of which it shall be paid, and he may not audit, adjust, or allow such a claim unless the moneys for it and all other claims against such fund are in the Treasury.

The chapters on the Finance Department, and on the organization and powers of the Common Council, are thought to be equally effective. The Health Officer is clothed with absolute power—power in its most serious form; even stronger, it is claimed, than that of our New York Health Board, which in the last cholera fright exerted authority that all but commanded deference on the part of the Federal government. The cities are to have no Fire Board; instead a Superintendent of the Fire Brigade is to be appointed by the Council. For the Police and Fire departments rules shall be made for the employment, promotion, and discharge of members, but the Mayor remains the executive of the Police Department, as has long been the case in Chicago and the twin Minnesota cities. The provision that all clerks in the various departments shall be subject to the rules of civil service reform is the tiny sop that the politicians permit to be thrown to those who are bent upon robbing them of their "spoils."

The new law has many admirable features, mainly in relation to the expenditure of the public moneys. Students of progress in municipal rule will get it and read it with mingled regret and gratification. It makes another swing of the pendulum which carries the cities from the extreme of giving all power to the Mayor to the extreme of giving it all to the Council. This centres it all in the Council." It has immense powers (the greatest and the smallest) in ordering public works, in licensing, prohibiting, and suppressing a wide range of things desirable or otherwise—from rum shops and massage doctors to mad dogs and gambling-hells. According to the newest light upon the subject, the main desideratum in city government is to divorce the legislative from the executive functions, especially in matters entailing the outlay of money, but here both powers are riveted together, and the Councilmen plan work at their own estimates of cost, and then pay out the money for it. Of course, under the excellent system pointed out above, no money that is not in hand can be spent, and money to be spent must be provided, yet these restrictions do not affect the fact that men are prone to be very generous in estimating the cost of work planned by themselves, or the fact that when one set of men plan work for another set to pay for, the men who pay (*i. e.*, who make the estimates) are apt to deal far less generously.

If there is another single conclusion that has been reached by a majority of those who study city rule without consideration for the spoilsman, it is that a Common Council should be stripped of "patronage," of the appointing and confirming power. Yet the Minnesota councils are all to have the power to appoint the City Clerk, the City Attorney, the City Assessor, the City Engineer, all commissions for making local improvements, the Superintendent of the Water-Works, the Superintendent of the Poor, the Health Commissioner, and so on. The subordinate employés under these heads of departments are to be appointed by the department heads under the law, but a seven-year-old child need not be told what that provision will amount to. The situation reminds me of two conversations with officials had by me in a Western city.

"How do you like your plan of government here?" I asked of the Mayor.

"Splendid!" said he. "This city is managed just as the Lake Shore Railroad is managed."

"How do you find your new charter works?" I inquired of that same Mayor's City Engineer.

"Oh, it's pitiful," he said. "Take my own department. The City Engineer is appointed for only three years, at such a salary that no first-class man can afford to take the place, though millions of expenditure are agreed upon for vast public works. When such a man as will take the place is found, the same power that appoints him also appoints every man under him—deputy, clerks, chain-carriers, laborers, and all the rest, nearly all of whom are mere 'heelers,' incompetent, and intent only upon drawing their pay."

And yet there is good in the character of the councils to which the Minnesotans give such power. The election of Aldermen-at-large to sit with the ward Aldermen is a move in the right direction. Under the law, in cities with six wards or less there shall be two Aldermen at large; in cities with more than six and less than ten wards, four Aldermen at large; and in cities with ten or more wards, eight Aldermen at large. This is a generous proportion of those general representatives who are believed to be everywhere and always of a higher grade of manhood than the ward representatives.

CLEVELAND'S FEDERAL PLAN.

THE Federal plan under which the city of Cleveland is managed has been tested four years. The legislative branch consists of a Common Council of twenty members, who are paid five dollars each every time they sit in weekly sessions. They have been stripped of patronage and of the appointing power, except that they have the right to appoint a clerk and their own pages. They cannot disburse a cent of money or make a contract, and yet it is their duty to determine what money shall be spent by the executive officers of the government, and to ratify all contracts planned by the executive officials. There is one of the great beauties of Cleveland government—those who spend the money are not allowed to determine how much they shall spend, and those who determine the amounts to be spent are not allowed to spend them.

Those cities that have a Common Council consisting of two houses favor that plan, because it delays legislation and gives time for discussion and meditation. Others believe that it usually produces slovenly results. The Cleveland plan provides the requisite time by insisting that no bill can pass the Council until one week after it has been read there. Then the Mayor has ten days in which to sign it, veto it, or leave it alone.

The other persons, besides the Council, who are elected are the Mayor, Police Judge, Prosecuting Attorney, and Clerk of the Police Court. The plan is called Federal because the Mayor presides over a cabinet consisting of the heads of the six principal executive branches. He appoints for his cabinet a Director of Public Works, a Director of Police, a Director of Fire, and Directors of Accounts, Law, and Charities and Correction. Unfortunately for Cleveland, these appointments are made with the advice and consent of the Council—a crack in the system which the politicians can open as wide as a church door. If the Mayor had the full power of appointment of his own cabinet, and had twenty-five thousand dollars, or forty thousand, a year, instead of six thousand, Cleveland would offer a still better example to the other cities of the land than it does now. The Mayor and his cabinet have seats in the Common Council, and the Mayor is empowered to take part in its discussions and deliberations, but he has no vote. He has one very valuable prerogative—he may at any time "appoint competent disinterested persons not exceeding three in number, not more than two of whom shall be of the same political faith, to examine without notice the affairs of any department, officer, or employé, and the result of such examination shall be recorded in his office and transmitted by him to the Council without delay."

It will be seen that all the main departments of city government except the School Board are in this cabinet. The directors or heads of the departments appoint all the subordinates, from the heads of bureaus down to laborers. No one exercises any confirming power over their appointments. Civil service tests govern the appointments in only the Fire and Police Departments. The Mayor and his cabinet may not hold any other offices of any sort, except as notary-publics or militia officers. All compensation of officials is by salary. If any officer or employé receives a fee, gift, or emolument of any kind for public service he must lose his office. No officer or employé of the city of any department shall attend or be a member or delegate to any political convention at which city officers are to be nominated, on pain of removal and discharge. This does not apply to policemen sent to keep order at conventions. No officer or employé of the city may act as agent or attorney for any person or company in relation to any matters concerned in the city government.

The vicious activity of the politicians in organizing the police and firemen all over the country in order to intrench them in their places and to insure them more pay than they could earn in private life is seen in a clause of Cleveland's new charter. Section 24 says that the head of any department may, by a written order giving his reasons, remove any employé under him, provided (and here is the darky in the wood-pile) "that no member of the police or fire force shall be removed or reduced in rank except for cause, to be assigned in writing, after due notice, and on a public hearing, if demanded by the accused, before a tribunal composed of the Mayor, the Director of Law, and the President of City Council."

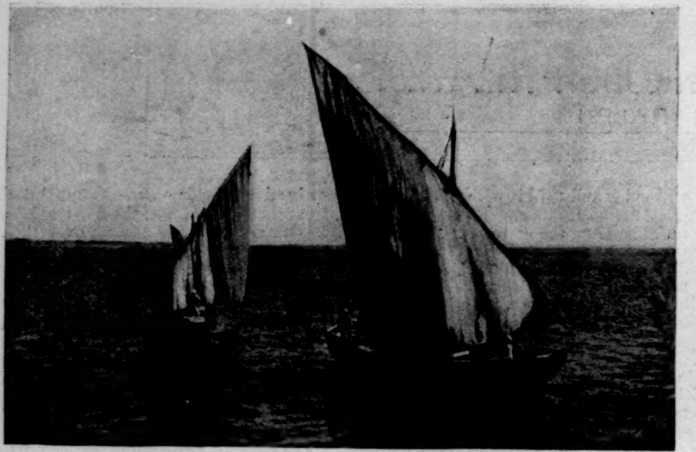
A great weakness in this charter lies in the establishment of a Board of Control. At least twice a week the Mayor and his cabinet sit as a Board of Control, and have all the powers and perform all the duties that used to belong to the Board of Public Improvements and Commissioners of Sewers. This means that in connection with the vast constructive work of building sewers, opening streets, and paving and curbing streets these officials act in both legislative and executive capacities. They sit one day and discuss what work shall be done and what money shall be spent, and the next day they do the work and spend the money. It is a settled thing, not in law, but in human nature, that when men disburse public money for their own use they are very generous, if not careless. The plan works better which leaves to one body the power of saying what shall be spent by another body.

Speaking generally about the whole city government, the management of the finances is excellent. The old plan used to be for the different boards or departments to issue bonds as they needed money. Now, in a general sense, the disbursing power lies with the Common Council, all accounts are kept by the City Treasurer, and all expenditures are made through the City Auditor. The method is compact and systematic, and any citizen can, on any day, ascertain the assets and liabilities of the city, just as he can of any bank in town.

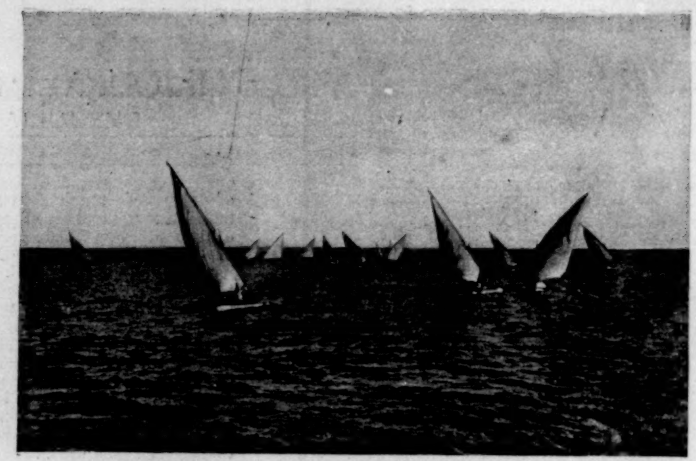
Before this charter was adopted its enemies and critics used to say that they feared that the concentration of immense power, and especially of immense patronage, in the hands of the Mayor, would make him able to perpetuate himself in office. It has been found that the Mayor has killed his chances of re-election instead of bettering them. He has dissatisfied so many applicants for office, and he has so often disappointed the politicians, that he stands little chance of re-election. The same result has been noticed in Philadelphia, which has a charter something like this of Cleveland, and yet in Philadelphia it is said that men think it more honorable to be Mayor of Philadelphia than to be Governor of Pennsylvania.

Cleveland's School Board is almost entirely separated from the city government. It is the Ohio custom for the schools to be managed in this way. The only links between the school system and the city system are that both have the same accounting officer, and that the funds are deposited with the same custodian, though under separate accounts. The people are very proud of their schools. The management is composed of two divisions, a School Council of seven members elected at large, and a single executive officer called the School Director, also elected. The Council appoints a clerk. All other appointments are made by the School Director—that is to say, all except the appointments of teachers. The Director appoints a superintendent subject to confirmation by the Council, and the superintendent appoints the teachers, and has the power to remove them. This educational plan has been in force three years, and has worked very well, though much credit is due to the fact that ex-Judge Draper, of New York, a splendid organizer, put the system in running order. The reasons why this plan may not work as well in the future as in the past are twofold. First, the superintendent is appointed during good behavior instead of, as he should be, for a term of years. He may be removed by the director on written charges and for sufficient cause; but every student of good government knows what that may be made to mean.

The second defect in the system is that the appointment of teachers rests solely with the superintendent, whose choice is limited by no test or requirement of any kind except that they shall have been "specially successful as teachers," or shall have completed courses of study equivalent to those provided at the local High and Normal schools. The Council determines how many teachers shall be appointed. There is a Normal Training School for teachers, and graduates from it are favored in the distribution of places; but no law or rule requires the superintendent to select teachers from among these graduates. In connection with the Cleveland school system are what are called unclassified schools, for the tuition of refractory boys who cannot be controlled by the teachers in the large schools, or whose attendance at the large schools is for any reason considered prejudicial to school dicipline or the morals of the other pupils. In these schools every effort is made to reform and reclaim the boys, who are returned to their own district schools when this can be safely done. Truants are so strictly looked after in Cleveland at the present time that the city's streets seem to me more free from the general American newsboy and *gamin* curse than the streets of any other city I have ever visited.

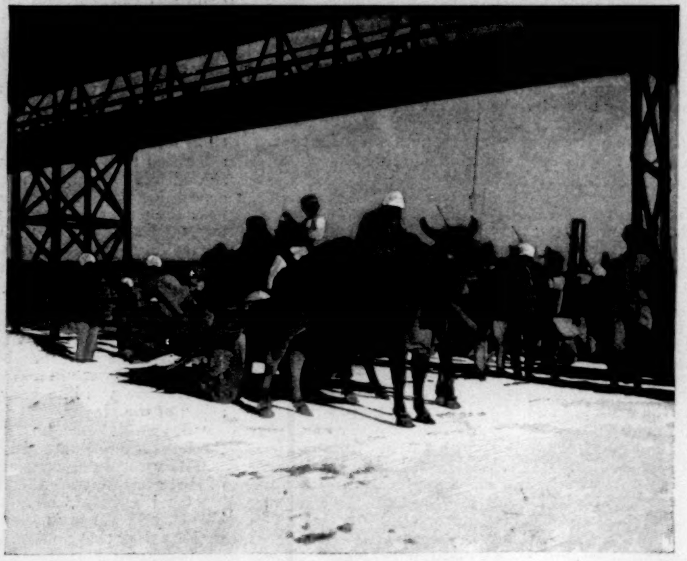


NATIVE BOATS AT MANDAVEE.



NATIVE BOATS BETWEEN BOMBAY AND KURRACHEE.

CAMELS WITH HAY FOR PRIVATE STABLES IN KURRACHEE.



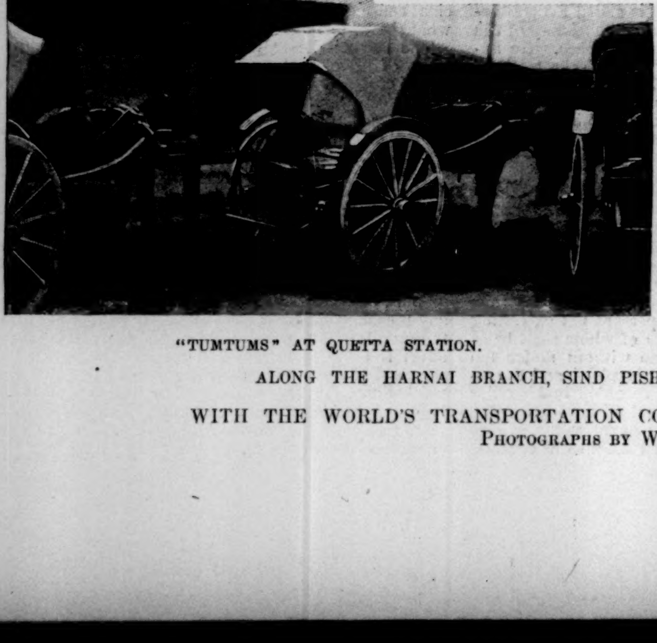
A SCENE ON THE WHARF, KURRACHEE.

BOMBAY TO KURRACHEE.

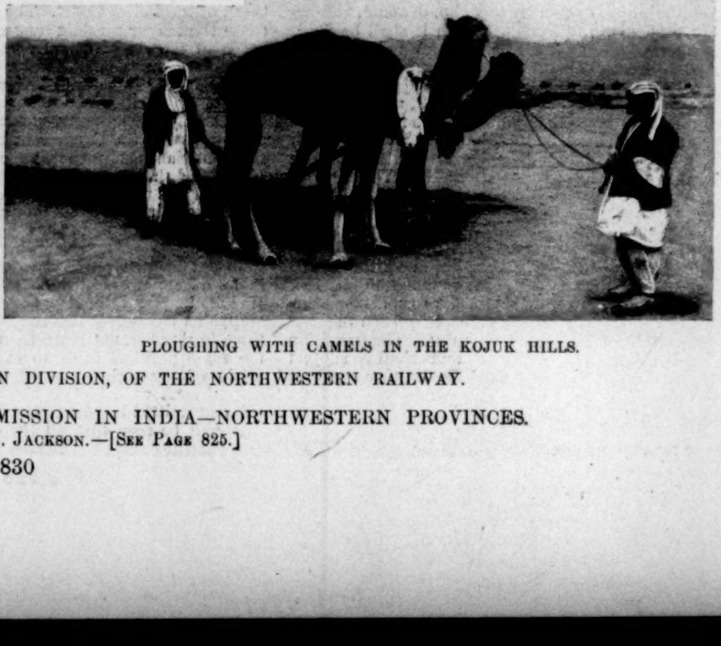
ARMY BULLOCK-CART, COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT.

CAMELS ON HIGHWAY NEAR THE RAILWAY BETWEEN CHAMAN AND KILLAB ABDULLA.

ARMY MULE-CART, COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT.



"TUMTUMS" AT QUETTA STATION.



PLOUGHING WITH CAMELS IN THE KOJUK HILLS.

ALONG THE HARNAI BRANCH, SIND PISHEEN DIVISION, OF THE NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN INDIA—NORTHWESTERN PROVINCES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 825.]

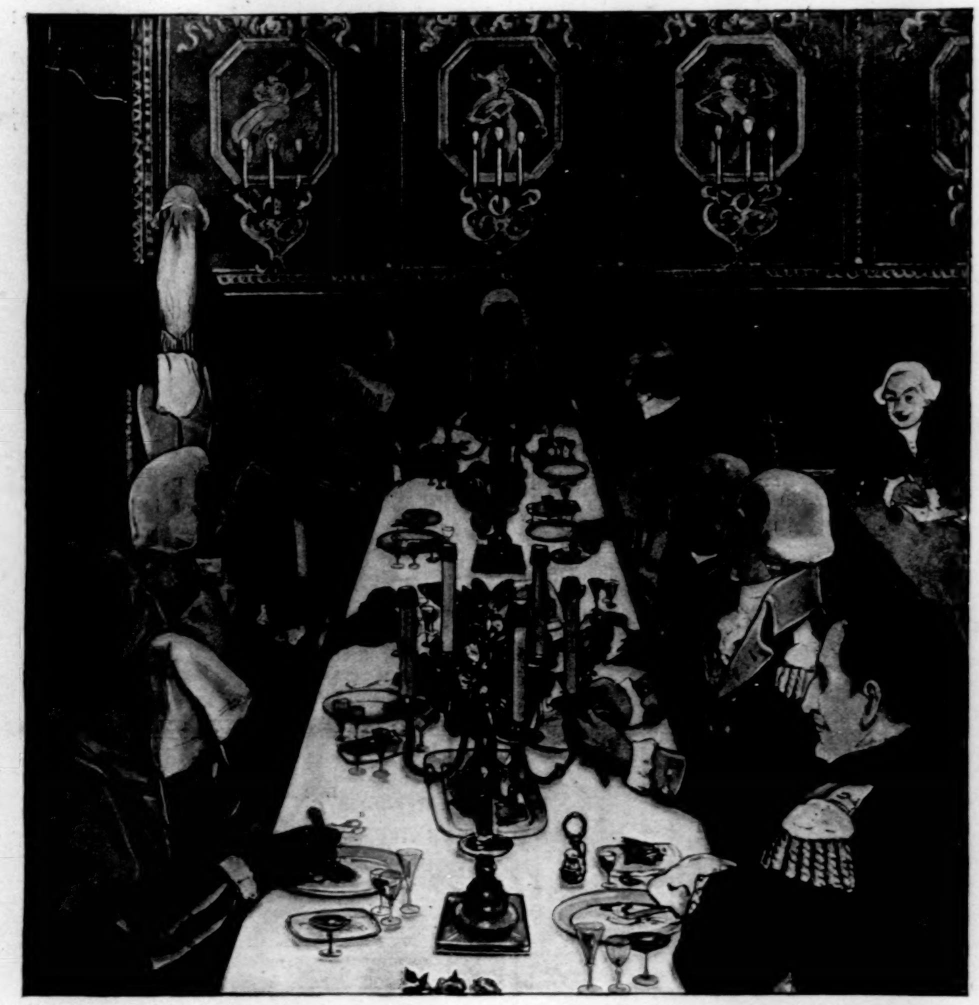
A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX.

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE DIVERS DOINGS OF THE ASSOCIATED SHADES.

(*Publication Authorized by the House Committee.*)

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

III.—WASHINGTON GIVES A DINNER.



"AT EIGHT THE BRILLIANT COMPANY WAS ARRANGED COMFORTABLY ABOUT THE BOARD."

IT was Washington's Birthday, and the gentleman who had the pleasure of being Father of his Country decided to celebrate it at the Associated Shades' floating palace on the Styx, as the Elysium *Weekly Gossip*, "a Journal of Society," called it, by giving a dinner to a select number of friends. Among the invited guests were Baron Munchausen, Doctor Johnson, Confucius, Napoleon Bonaparte, Diogenes, and Ptolemy. Boswell was also present, but not as a guest. He had a table off to one side all to himself, and upon it there were no china plates, silver spoons, knives, forks, and dishes of fruit, but pads, pens, and ink in great quantity. It was evident that Boswell's reportorial duties did not end with his labors in the mundane sphere.

The dinner was set down to begin at seven o'clock, so that the guests, as was proper, sauntered slowly in between that hour and eight. The menu was particularly choice, the shades of countless canvas-back ducks, terrapin, and sheep having been called into requisition, and cooked by no less a person than Brillat-Savarin, in the hottest oven he could find in the famous cooking establishment superintended by the government. Washington was on hand early, sampling the olives and the celery and the wines, and giving to Charon final instructions as to the manner in which he wished things served.

The first guest to arrive was Confucius, and after him came Diogenes, the latter in great excitement over having discovered a comparatively honest man, whose name, however, he had not been able to ascertain, though he was under the impression that it was something like Burpin, or Turpin, he said.

At eight the brilliant company was arranged comfortably about the board. An orchestra of five, under the leadership of Mozart, discoursed sweet music behind a screen, and the feast of reason and flow of soul began.

"This is a great day," said Doctor Johnson, assisting himself copiously to the olives.

"Yes," said Columbus, who was also a guest—"yes, it is a great day, but it isn't a marker to a little day in October I wot of."

"Still sore on that point?" queried Confucius, trying the edge of his knife on the shade of a salted almond.

"Oh no," said Columbus, calmly. "I don't feel jealous of Washington. He is the Father of his Country and I am not. I only discovered the orphan. I knew the country before it had a father or a mother. There wasn't even anybody who was willing to be a sister to it when I knew it. But G. W. here took it in hand, groomed it down, spanked it when it needed it, and started it off on the career which has made it worth while for me to let my name be known in connection with it. Why should *I* be jealous of him?"

"I am sure I don't know why anybody anywhere should be jealous of anybody else anyhow," said Diogenes. "I never was and I never expect to be. Jealousy is a quality that is utterly foreign to the nature of an honest man. Take my own case, for instance. When I was what they call alive, how did I live?"

"I don't know," said Doctor Johnson, turning his head as he spoke so that Boswell could not fail to hear. "I wasn't there."

Boswell nodded approvingly, chuckled slightly, and put the Doctor's remark down for publication in *The Gossip*.

"You're doubtless right, there," retorted Diogenes. "What you don't know would fill a circulating library. Well—I lived in a tub. Now, if I believed in envy, I suppose you think I'd be envious of people who live in brownstone fronts, with back yards and mortgages, eh?"

"I'd rather live under a mortgage than in a tub," said Bonaparte, contemptuously.

"I know you would," said Diogenes. "Mortgages never bothered you—but I wouldn't. In the first place, my tub was warm. I never saw a house with a brownstone front that was, except in summer, and then the owner cursed it because it was so. My tub had no plumbing in it to get out of order. It hadn't any flights of stairs in it that had to be climbed after dinner, or late at night when I came home from the club. It had no front door with a wandering key-hole calculated to elude the key ninety-nine times out of every hundred efforts to bring the two together and reconcile their differences, in order that their owner may get into his own house late at night. It wasn't chained down to any particular neighborhood, as are most brownstone fronts. If the neighborhood ran down, I could move my tub off into a better neighborhood, and it never lost value through the deterioration of its location. I never had to pay taxes on it, and no burglar was ever so hard up that he thought of breaking into my habitation to rob me. So why should I be jealous of the brownstone-house dwellers? I am a philosopher, gentlemen. I tell you, philosophy is the thief of jealousy, and I had the good luck to find it out early in life."

"There is much in what you say," said Confucius. "But there's another side to the matter. If a man is an aristocrat by birth, as I was, his neighborhood never could run down. Wherever he lived would be the swell section, so that really your last argument isn't worth a stewed icicle."

"Stewed icicles are pretty good, though," said Baron Munchausen, with an ecstatic smack of his lips. "I've eaten them many a time in the polar regions."

"I have no doubt of it," put in Doctor Johnson. "You've eaten fried pyramids in Africa, too, haven't you?"

"Only once," said the Baron, calmly. "And I can't say I enjoyed them. They are rather heavy for the digestion."

"That's so," said Ptolemy. "I've had experience with pyramids myself."

"You never ate one, did you, Ptolemy?" queried Bonaparte.

"Not raw," said Ptolemy, with a chuckle. "Though I've been tempted many a time to call for a second joint of the Sphinx."

There was a laugh at this, in which all but Baron Munchausen joined.

"I think it is too bad," said the Baron, as the laughter subsided—"I think it is very much too bad that you shades have brought mundane prejudice with you into this sphere. Just because some people with finite minds profess to disbelieve my stories, you think it well to be sceptical yourselves. I don't care, however, whether you believe me or not. The fact remains that I have eaten one fried pyramid and countless stewed icicles, and the stewed icicles were finer than any diamond-back rat Confucius ever had served at a state banquet."

"Where's Shakespeare to-night?" asked Confucius, seeing that the Baron was beginning to lose his temper. "Wasn't he invited, General?"

"Yes," said Washington. "He was invited, but he couldn't come. He had to go over the river to consult with an autograph syndicate they've formed in New York. You know, his autographs sell for about $1000 apiece, and they're trying to get up a scheme whereby he shall contribute an autograph a week to the syndicate to be sold to the public. It seems like a rich scheme, but there's one thing in the way. Posthumous autographs haven't very much of a market, because the mortals can't be made to believe that they are genuine; but the syndicate has got a man at work trying to get over that. These Yankees are a mighty inventive lot, and they think perhaps the scheme can be worked. The Yankee *is* an inventive genius."

"It was a Yankee invented that tale about your not being able to prevaricate, wasn't it, George?" asked Diogenes.

Washington smiled acquiescence, and Doctor Johnson returned to Shakespeare.

"I'd rather have a morning-glory vine than one of Shakespeare's autographs," said he. "They are far prettier, and quite as legible."

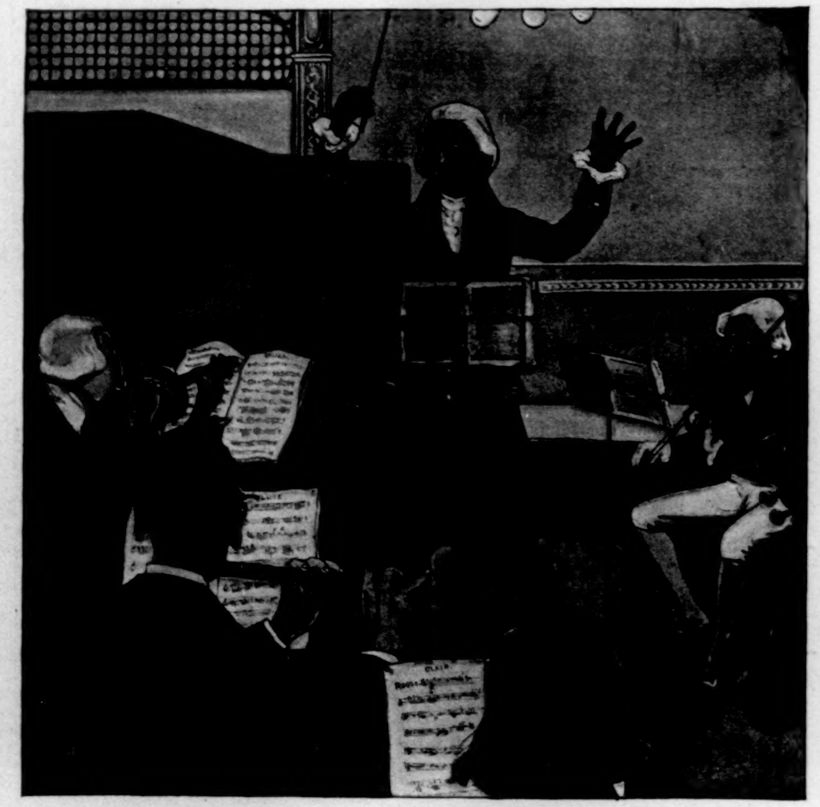
"Mortals wouldn't," said Bonaparte.

"What fools they be!" chuckled Johnson.

At this point the canvas-back ducks were served, one whole shade of a bird for each guest.

"Fall to, gentlemen," said Washington, gazing hungrily at his bird. "When canvas-back ducks are on the table conversation is not demanded of any one."

"It is fortunate for us that we have so considerate a host," said Confucius, unfastening his robe and preparing to do justice to the fare set



"AN ORCHESTRA OF FIVE, UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF MOZART, DISCOURSED SWEET MUSIC."

before him. "I have dined often, but never before with one who was willing to let me eat a bird like this in silence. Washington, here's to you. May your life be chequered with birthdays, and may ours be equally well supplied with feasts like this at your expense!"

The toast was drained, and the diners fell to as requested.

"They're great, aren't they?" whispered Bonaparte to Munchausen.

"Well, rather," returned the Baron. "I don't see why the Mortals don't erect a statue to the canvas-back."

"Did anybody at this board ever have as much canvas-back duck as he could eat?" asked Doctor Johnson.

"Yes," said the Baron. "I did. Once."

"Oh, you!" sneered Ptolemy. "You've had everything."

"Except the mumps," retorted Munchausen. "But, honestly, I did once have as much canvas-back duck as I could eat."

"It must have cost you a million," said Bonaparte. "But even then they'd be cheap, especially to a man like yourself who could perform miracles. If I could have performed miracles with the ease which was so characteristic of all your efforts, I'd never have died at St. Helena."

"What's the odds where you died?" said Doctor Johnson. "If it hadn't been at St. Helena it would have been somewhere else, and you'd have found death as stuffy in one place as in another."

"Don't let's talk of death," said Washington. "I am sure the Baron's tale of how he came to have enough canvas-back is more diverting."

"I've no doubt it is more perverting," said Johnson.

"It happened this way," said Munchausen. "I was out for sport, and I got it. I was alone, my servant having fallen ill, which was unfortunate, since I had always left the filling of my cartridge-box to him, and underestimated its capacity. I started at six in the morning, and not having hunted for several months was not in very good form, so, no game appearing for a time, I took a few practice shots, trying to snip off the slender tops of the pine-trees that I encountered with my bullets, succeeding tolerably well for one who was a little rusty, bringing down ninety-nine out of the first one hundred and one, and missing the remaining two by such a close margin that they swayed to and fro as though fanned by a slight breeze. As I fired my one hundred and first shot what should I see before me but a lot of those delicate birds floating upon the placid waters of the bay!"

"Was this the Bay of Biscay, Baron?" queried Columbus, with a covert smile at Ptolemy.

"I counted them," said the Baron, ignoring the question, "and there were just sixty-eight. 'Here's a chance for the record, Baron,' said I to myself, and then I made ready to shoot them. Imagine my dismay, gentlemen, when I discovered that while I had plenty of powder left I had used up all my bullets. Now, as you may imagine, to a man with no bullets at hand, the sight of sixty-eight fat canvas-backs is hardly encouraging, but I was resolved to have every one of those birds; the question was, how shall I do it? I never can think on water, so I paddled quietly ashore and began to reflect. As I thought, I saw lying upon the beach before me a superb oyster, and as reflection makes me hungry, I seized upon the bivalve and swallowed him. As he went down, something stuck in my throat, and extricating it, what should it prove to be but a pearl of surpassing beauty. My first thought was to be content with my day's find. A pearl worth thousands surely was enough to satisfy the most ardent lover of sport; but on looking up I saw those ducks still paddling contentedly about, and I could not bring myself to give them up. Suddenly the thought came, the pearl is as large as a bullet, and fully as round. Why not use it? Then, as thoughts came to me in shoals, I first reflected, 'Ah—but this is only one bullet as against sixty-eight birds'; immediately a third thought came, 'why not shoot them all with a single bullet? It is possible, though not probable.' I snatched out a pad of paper and a pencil, made a rapid calculation based on the doctrine of chances, and proved to my own satisfaction that at some time or another within the following two weeks those birds would doubtless be sitting in a straight line and paddling about, Indian file, for an instant. I resolved to await that instant. I loaded my gun with the pearl and a sufficient quantity of powder to send the charge through every one of the ducks if, perchance, the first duck were properly hit. To pass over wearisome details, let me say that it happened just as I expected. I had one week and six days to wait, but finally the critical moment came. It was at midnight, but fortunately the moon was at the full, and I could see as plainly as though it had been day. The moment the ducks were in line I aimed and fired. They every one squawked, turned over, and died. My pearl had pierced the whole sixty-eight."

Boswell blushed.

"Ahem!" said Doctor Johnson. "It was a pity to lose the pearl."

"That," said Munchausen, "was the most interesting part of the story. I had made a second calculation in order to save the pearl. I deduced the amount of powder necessary to send the gem through sixty-seven and a half birds, and my deduction was strictly accurate. It fulfilled its mission of death on sixty-seven and was found buried in the heart of the sixty-eighth, a trifle discolored, but still a pearl, and worth a king's ransom."

Napoleon gave a derisive laugh, and the other guests sat with incredulity depicted upon every line of their faces.

"Do you believe that story yourself, Baron?" asked Confucius.

"Why not?" asked the Baron. "Is there anything improbable in it? Why should you disbelieve it? Look at our friend Washington here. Is there any one here who knows more about truth than he does? He doesn't disbelieve it. He's the only man at this table who treats me like a man of honor."

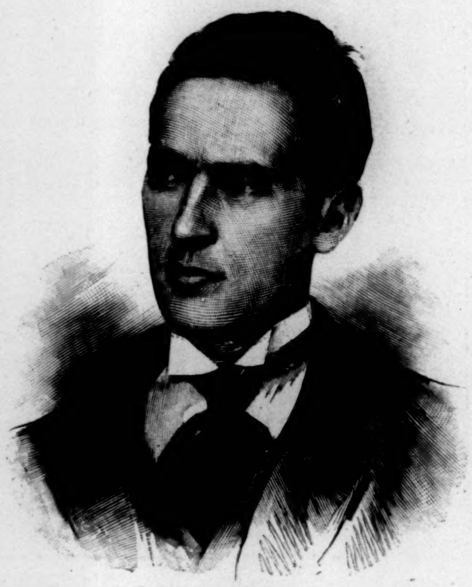
"He's host and has to," said Johnson, shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, Washington, let me put the direct question to you," said the Baron. "Say you aren't host and are under no obligation to be courteous. Do you believe I haven't been telling the truth?"

"My dear Munchausen," said the General. "Don't ask me. I'm not an authority. I can't tell a lie—not even when I hear one. If you say your story is true, I must believe it, of course; but—ah—really, if I were you, I wouldn't tell it again unless I could produce the pearl and the wish-bone of one of the ducks at least."

Whereupon, as the discussion was beginning to grow acrimonious, Washington hailed Charon, and, ordering a boat, invited his guests to accompany him over into the world of realities, where they passed the balance of the evening haunting a vaudeville performance at one of the London music-halls.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



H. N. PILLSBURY.

INTERNATIONAL CHESS AT HASTINGS.

AN international chess tournament, depending for importance as it does upon the quality of its contestants, must enlist the acknowledged leading masters of the world in order to be famous. Judged by this standard, the battle now in progress at Hastings, England, is undoubtedly the greatest chess event the world has seen. Before Hastings the London tournament of 1883 was high-water mark, and since then, and second only to London, the Sixth American Chess Congress of 1889 must be placed. Some comparison with these great contests is therefore necessary to a proper appreciation of the magnitude of the tournament of 1895.

At London, in 1883, Austro-Hungary, England, France, United States, and Russia were represented by these fourteen contestants:

AUSTRO-HUNGARY—Englisch, Noa. ENGLAND—Bird, Blackburne, Mason, Mortimer, Skipworth, Steinitz, Zukertort. FRANCE—Rosenthal. UNITED STATES—Mackenzie, Sellmann. RUSSIA—Winawer, Tschigorin.

At New York, in 1889, Austria, Canada, England, France, United States, and Russia were represented by the following twenty:

AUSTRIA—Weiss. CANADA—MacLeod. ENGLAND—Bird, Blackburne, Burn, Gossip, Gunsberg, Mason, Pollock. FRANCE—Taubenhaus. UNITED STATES—Baird, D. G., Baird, J. W., Burille, Delmar, Hanham, Judd, Martinez, Lipschutz, Showalter. RUSSIA—Tschigorin.

At Hastings, in 1895, Austria, Canada, England, France, Germany, Italy, United States, and Russia are represented by these twenty-two players:

AUSTRIA—Marco, Schlechter. CANADA—Pollock. ENGLAND—Bird, Blackburne, Burn, Gunsberg, Lasker, Mason, Teichmann, Tinsley. FRANCE—Janowski. GERMANY—Bardeleben, Mieses, Tarrasch, Walbrodt. ITALY—Vergani. UNITED STATES—Albin, Pillsbury, Steinitz. RUSSIA—Schiffers, Tschigorin.

Only a glance at these three lists will be required to discover how much more important the Hastings tournament is than were the other two.

With the exception of Winawer, Schollop, Weiss, and Makovitz, in Europe, and possibly as many more here, Hastings has gathered together to its battles all the active, really great, chess masters of the world. No tournament ever before presented so famous a quartet as Steinitz, Tschigorin, Tarrasch, and Lasker; nor, since Morphy's time, so great a native American player as Pillsbury. Except, perhaps, the Italian, Vergani, all the other players are masters of well-recognized ability, and selected as such from a list of thirty-eight offered entries, all of whom were competent to play under the rules, the exclusion of sixteen of that number, so as to keep the tournament within limit, being a most unenviable duty of the committee.

Play at Hastings commenced on the 5th of August, each player having to contest one game with every other. The twenty-one rounds of eleven games each are played on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, the concluding round being played on September 2d, when in all 231 games will have been contested.

Each play-day commences at 1 P.M., and continues till five o'clock, when an intermission is taken. At 7 P.M. play recommences, and at ten o'clock is concluded.

This gives seven hours for each game, and if any of them are unfinished at the expiration of the play-day, adjournment is had to what is called the "bye-day" for the completion of all such games. Thursdays are set apart as bye-days, and they, with Sundays, afford practically two days of rest in each week to the player.

During the progress of the games each contestant is allowed two hours in which to make his first thirty moves. After this, one hour additional is allowed for every fifteen moves. A pair of balanced clocks record the time at each board; and already three games have been forfeited by players for overstretching their time limit. The pairing for the whole twenty-one rounds was made on what is known as the Berger system. Twenty-one separate slips, each containing a complete pairing of the twenty-two players for one day's play, were prepared and shuffled together, and just before one o'clock of each play-day one of these slips is drawn by chance, and the pairing for that day announced therefrom.

Hastings is admirably adapted for a summer tournament. The hall contains eleven chess tables, across which the twenty-two masters do battle. Each day's struggles are full of interest and excitement, even to the casual looker-on, if he understands anything of chess.

About twenty well-known chess openings and defences have already been made use of by the players, of which the Queen's Gambit declined, the Ruy Lopez, and the French Defence have furnished the lines upon which more than half the games played have been fought. Other openings favored are the Ginoco Piano, the Four Knights' Game, the Vienna Game, the Scotch Gambit, the Evans Gambit, the Queen's Gambit, Irregular, and Ponzianni. The defences, other than the French Defence, relied on are the Two Knights', Petroff's, Sicilian, and Philidor's.

For the most part the games are conducted in accordance with the more modern ideas of offensive operations, namely, more like a regular siege than like an old-fashioned assault. During the first and the second week of the tournament the games averaged forty-two moves each, the limit each way being twenty moves and ninety moves.

During the same period the advantage of having the first move, as declared by the result, was less than three per cent., out of 110 games played white winning 40, losing 37, and drawing 33.

Of the famous quartet before mentioned, of the great tournament, Tschigorin is the most imaginative player, Tarrasch the most classical, Steinitz the most profound, and Lasker the most businesslike. The surprise and the delight to Americans of the tournament is the playing of their talented young countryman, Harry Nelson Pillsbury, who was born at Somerville, Massachusetts, in 1872, and fitted for Harvard at the Somerville High-School. In 1888 he learned the moves at chess, and being compelled to postpone his plan of entering Harvard, quickly developed his talent for the game. Since 1893 Mr. Pillsbury has been chiefly identified with the Brooklyn Chess Club, and represents it at Hastings. In person he is of medium height, with an intellectual head and clear-cut classic features.

Probably no one in the United States, with the exception of Steinitz, knows the chess openings as well as he does, and the principles on which they are based. His style is painstaking and solid, and he may always be depended on not to lose his game for the sake of a false brilliance that ends in defeat. His position judgment is unsurpassed, and his analysis Steinitz places above his own.

An example of his chess play at Hastings is shown in his game with Dr. Tarrasch, given below, played August 6th.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED.

	WHITE. Pillsbury.	BLACK. Tarrasch.		WHITE. Pillsbury.	BLACK. Tarrasch.
1	P—Q 4	P—Q 4	27	R—B	P—Kt 5
2	P—Q B 4	P—K 3	28	Kt—K 2	Q—R 5
3	Kt—Q B 3	K—K B 3	29	Kt—Kt 4	Kt—Q 2
4	B—Kt 5	B—K 2	30	R (B 4)—B 2	K—Kt
5	Kt—B 3	Q Kt—Q 2	31	Kt—B	P—B 6
6	R—B	Castles.	32	P—Q Kt 3	Q—B 3
7	P—K 3	P—Q Kt 3	33	P—K R 3	P—Q R 4
8	P x P	P x P	34	Kt—R 2	P—R 5
9	B—Q 3	B—Kt 2	35	P—Kt 4	P x P
10	Castles.	P—B 4	36	P x P	R—R
11	R—K	P—B 5	37	P—Kt 5	R—R 6
12	B—Kt	P—Q R 3	38	Kt—Kt 4	B x P
13	Kt—K 5	P—Kt 4	39	R—Kt 2	K—R
14	P—B 4	R—K	40	P x P	P x P
15	Q—B 3	Kt—B	41	Kt x B	R x Kt
16	Kt—K 2	Kt—K 5	42	Kt—R 6	R—Kt 2
17	B x B	R x B	43	R x R	K x R
18	B x Kt	P x B	44	Q—Kt 3 ch	K x Kt
19	Q—Kt 3	P—B 3	45	K—R	Q—Q 4
20	Kt—Kt 4	K—R	46	R—K Kt	Q x B P
21	P—B 5	Q—Q 2	47	Q—R 4 ch	Q—R 4
22	R—B	R—Q	48	Q—B 4 ch	Q—Kt 4
23	R—B 4	Q—Q 3	49	R x Q	P x R
24	Q—R 4	Q R—K	50	Q—Q 6 ch	K—R 4
25	Kt—B 3	B—Q 4	51	Q x Kt	P—B 7
26	Kt—B 2	Q—B 3	52	Q x P, mate.	

In a few days the record of international chess at Hastings can be made up. As it surpasses all its predecessors in the quality of chess talent engaged, so will its results for good probably outreach that of any tournament gone before.

JOHN D. ELWELL.

·THIS·BUSY· ·WORLD·

MARK TWAIN explained, before leaving Vancouver for Australia, that the purpose of the globe-trotting lecture tour on which he has started is not to accumulate a new fortune for himself, but to pay off his obligations to the creditors of the publishing firm in which he was a partner. About half of these business debts he can pay now with such funds as he can command; the other half he expects to earn by his lectures. He is sixty years old, and estimates that four years of such labor as he is now engaged in will leave him in a position to make a fresh start in life, unhampered by pecuniary obligations. When he has reached that point he intends to settle down at home and become a writer again. To relieve himself by passing through bankruptcy is not to his taste. He recognizes, he says, "the imperious moral necessity of paying those debts, which I never contracted, but which were accumulated on the strength of my name by those who had a presumptive right to use it."

It is evident that while Mr. Clemens continues to stay in this world he proposes to stay alive. He speaks of finding many warm friends on his travels. He will find them everywhere, and all of them will feel personally interested in his success in executing the honorable task which he has set himself to accomplish.

Among the "Self-Unmade Men" whom Dr. James M. Buckley lectured about at Chautauqua, the other day, were Adam, David, Solomon, Mark Antony, Thomas Carlyle, Shelley, Byron, Poe, Benedict Arnold, Andrew Johnson, James Buchanan, Roscoe Conkling, and James G. Blaine. All of these illustrious persons he seems to have found guilty of fatal errors which ruined their careers. Undoubtedly they all made grave mistakes, but considering the amount of valuable wreckage which has been washed up from them on the shores of Time, it seems somewhat presumptuous to group them together as examples of failure. There are men whose shortcomings seem to be more profitable to mankind than the virtues of others. Modern criticism is somewhat hard on Adam for his behavior to his wife, but he has been much respected for ages past, and is still kindly thought of in Eastern countries. David's immense virtues have always seemed to offset his colossal faults. Solomon has left us the fruits of an exceedingly ripe experience in a group of proverbs which a more exemplary man would hardly have learned to write. Mark Antony is quite as interesting in his ruin as he could have been in any success. There is only one man in all Dr. Buckley's list whose "fatal error" finished him for all time, and that, of course, is Benedict Arnold.

What sort of a moral Dr. Buckley made his lecture point the present writer has not learned, but it would not be difficult to take his list of awful examples and use it to demonstrate what prodigious errors human reputation can survive.

All the quarters on steamers bound from Europe to America are engaged up to the 1st of October, and we may expect to hear some distressing stories of travel-worn and impoverished Americans who want to get home and cannot. Unless the passage of such persons is engaged ahead, their chance of getting home next month is not at all good. It is in some measure reassuring to hear that the hospitality of the English to Americans was never so spontaneous and cordial as it has been this summer. Last year the report was that American credit was very low among the Britishers. It varies apparently from year to year.

Wherever outside of England English novels are read the name and the publications of the late Christian Bernhard Tauchnitz are familiar. Both are well known in this country, though the Tauchnitz editions are not nearly so common here as they were ten years ago. Even before the international copyright law began its work the competition of the American publishers had begun to crowd them out. People used to buy sets of the books of standard English novelists in the Tauchnitz edition because they were cheap and well printed and of a convenient size, but nowadays editions of all good English novels left unprotected have so multiplied, and are so cheap and so good, that the Tauchnitz books are much more rarely bound and put on library shelves in America than they used to be. But they are still a reliance of English-speaking travellers in Europe. In 1841, when the Tauchnitz editions of English novels began to appear, there was no international copyright to protect English authors. The Baron won fame and popularity in England by voluntarily sharing his gains from his reprint English novels with the authors of them. His title, given him by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, brother of Queen Victoria's husband, was given to him in recognition of his efforts to make English literature popular in Germany, and also to bring standard literature, and the classics especially, within reach of all German readers.

The doctors of Colorado begin to be very earnest in their warnings to the people of that State of the danger the whole State is in of becoming overrun with consumptives. They tell the Colorado people what happened to Mentone, France, which attracted so many consumptives because of its climate that it became plague-stricken, the original inhabitants catching the disease from their visitors. Colorado Springs is felt to be especially in danger of a fate of that sort; but happily consumption is so much better understood than it used to be that much more effectual measures can be taken now than formerly to protect well people from catching it. Inasmuch as a majority of the people who live in Colorado live there because of lung difficulties of their own or in their families, whatever measures are taken to control phthisis in that State will be taken by general consent, and with the utmost consideration of the persons most affected.

Color music was tried in London this summer. The exhibitor of it had treated the spectrum band as equivalent to an octave of musical tones, and had divided it into intervals in such a way that the ratio between the light vibrations of any two intervals was approximately the same as that between the sound vibrations of corresponding intervals in the musical scale. The colors of the spectrum at the points thus marked out were thrown on a large screen by a mechanism like the keyboard of a piano, each key in the octave having a distinct color, just as each piano key has a distinct sound. On the keyboard color music was played, and in some cases the same piece of music was played simultaneously in sound and in color. The effect is described as interesting, but not altogether satisfactory. The tints which filled the screen were beautiful, but unsatisfying, and did not convey the same impression to the mind as the music.

It was an interesting stroke of adventure for the widow of Mr. Barnum to marry a Turk. There is no country in Europe in which the influence and example of American women of independent position seem so likely to be valuable as in Turkey. Thousands of people in western Europe and in America are earnestly persuaded that something ought to be done about Turkey, but only two individuals seem actually ready to do anything. The other of the two is Mr. Gladstone. He has spoken, and not with uncertain voice, but even he is not so deeply committed to the task of carrying civilization to Constantinople as the devoted widow of America's greatest showman.

The Shakespeare Society of New York proposes to buy and preserve the little frame cottage at Fordham which was once the dwelling of Edgar A. Poe. The friends and admirers of Edwin Booth are agitating a plan for a monument to him somewhere in New York. Both projects are worthy, though Booth left a singularly intimate and effectual memorial of himself in The Players Club, and Poe's growing literary reputation seems to make his fame secure. Monuments are not for people who are in danger of being forgotten, but for those who seem sure to be remembered.

Of Peter Frederick Rothermel, who was born in 1812, in the village of Nescopeck, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, and died on August 14th, at Litchfield, Pennsylvania, a correspondent of the WEEKLY writes: "He was an artist of distinguished merit, and the last of the school which included the Peales, Sully, Inman, and Neagle. Beginning as a sign-painter, he moved in 1832 to Philadelphia, and set up as a portrait-painter. Desiring to become a historical painter, he worked his way into that sphere of art, and produced in 1844 the painting of 'The Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto.' In 1856 he went abroad, and studied in Paris, Brussels, Düsseldorf, and Rome. The picture by which he will best be remembered is 'The Battle of Gettysburg,' painted for the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and placed in the State Capitol at Harrisburg. He was a director of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts from 1847 to 1855, and an honorary member of the National Academy of Design."

It seems that a new law of the State of Illinois prescribes that the flag of the United States shall be raised over all schools, public or private, in that State, from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon. The penalty for violation of this measure is a fine of ten dollars. A good corollary to it would be a by-law prescribing that the scholars in all schools, public and private, should stand up after morning flag-raising and sing Thomas Dunn English's new patriotic hymn, the chorus of which runs:

"Old Glory, Old Glory,
Floats proudly here, Old Glory.
Old Glory, Old Glory! Hurrah for you, Old Glory!"

It is a little uncertain whether the purpose of the Illinois law is to make the flag popular or odious. The Lutherans who have schools in Illinois say that their schools are private, and they will use their private judgment about flying flags over them. Inasmuch as Illinois has a Constitution as well as a Legislature, their objections to the flag statute will doubtless be maintained by the courts.

E. S. MARTIN.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

RECALLED STORMY TIMES.
"WELL, that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast-table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."—[*Adv.*]

To keep free from indigestion use only DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pears'

Pears' soap cleanses the outside of the skin immediately, dissolves the soluble part and washes it off immediately. It is friendly with life; it does not touch, till life lets go. It is kind to the living tissue.

SORE EYES DR ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

SOZODONT
USED BY CONNOISSEURS THE WORLD OVER

Elk in the Mountains, Montana.

A HUNTING . . . TRIP
this **Fall** in the **Bad Lands** or among the
— ROCKIES —
would be a change for you.
Send TEN CENTS for SKETCHES OF WONDERLAND and NATURAL GAME PRESERVES.
Chas. S. Fee, Gen. Pass. Agent
NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.
St. Paul, Minn.

Rae's Lucca Oil The Perfection - - - - of Olive Oil.
Received the following awards at the COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.
"For Purity, Sweetness, and Fine, Olive Flavor."
"For Excellence of the Product and Size of Manufacture."
GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE BY S. Rae & Co
Leghorn, Italy. Established 1836.

Rhine Violets
Ferd. Mülhens Cöln

No. 4711. Essence OF RHINE ★ VIOLETS
(*Name Registered.*)
THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES
Wonderfully true to nature and more lasting than any other scent of its name. A specialty *par excellence*.
All the rage in Europe at the present time.
Be sure that you get the
"No. 4711 Rhine Violets"
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York, U. S. Agents.

20th Edition—Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps.)
THE HUMAN HAIR
Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S., London.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

Hugh Van Style wears shirts made of Pride of the West.
Charlie Careless does not.
"Charlie, why *don't* you wear shirts made of Pride of the West muslin?"

JUST PUBLISHED

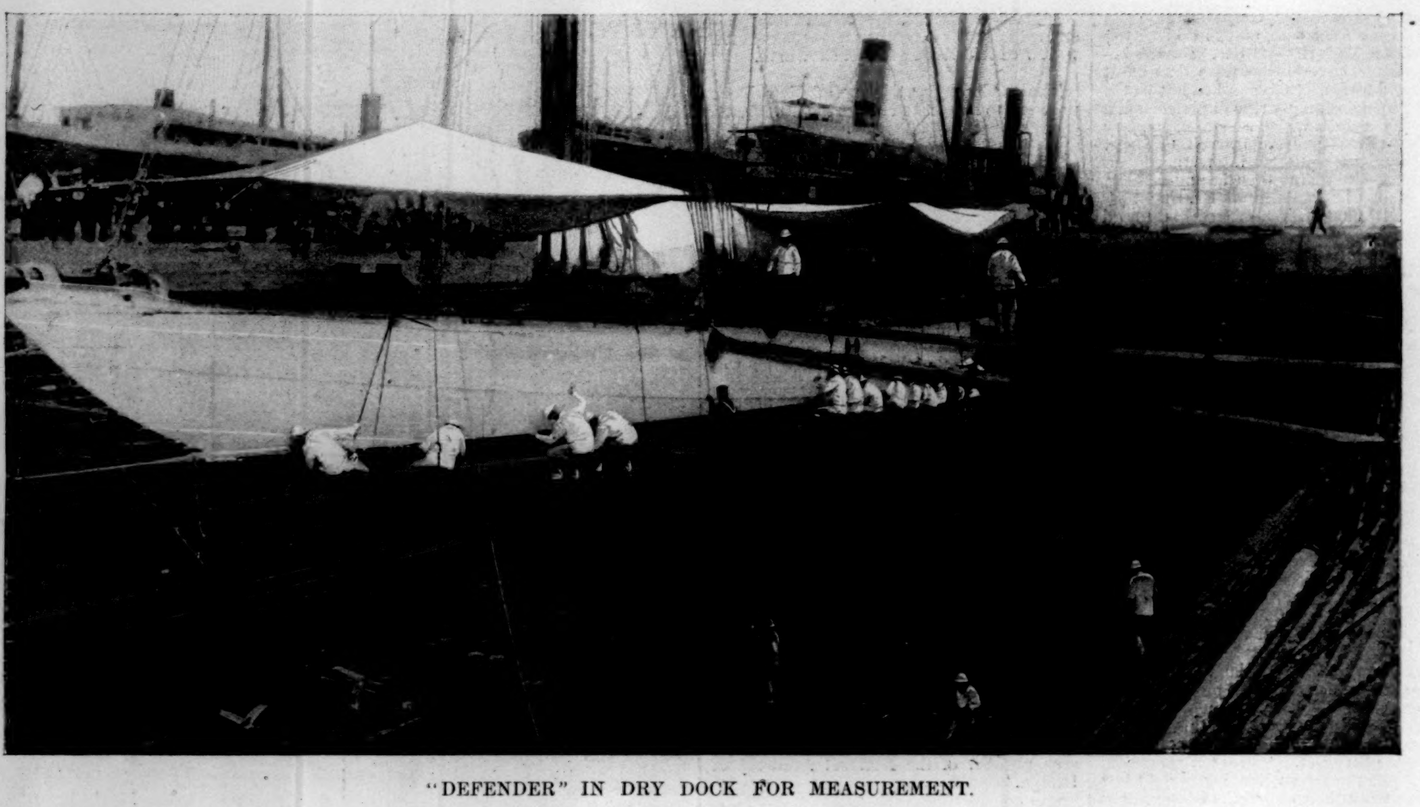
THE MONEY WE NEED

A Short Primer on Money and Currency. By HENRY LOOMIS NELSON (Editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY). With Illustrations. 16mo, Paper, 50 cents.

"The Money We Need" is a treatise intended to show that we need not more but better money; that we have already more money than we use, and that the quantity of currency must be determined by the demand of business. It is also contended that the statistics of the country prove that the fall in the price of silver has not affected the price of other commodities, and that the country has been very prosperous since the alleged "Crime of 1873." In "Bimetallism in History" the author supports his claim that no nation has succeeded in maintaining the double standard. The history of currency legislation from 1600 to the present is examined.

The purpose of the treatise is the exact opposite to that which is sought to be established in "Coin's Financial School."

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



"DEFENDER" IN DRY DOCK FOR MEASUREMENT.

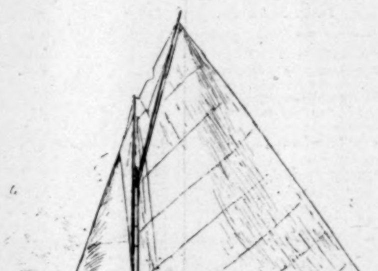
AMATEVR · SPORT

The championship tournament which began last Tuesday at Newport was heralded far and wide as a record-breaker, because eighty-two names were entered. When the entry list is closely examined, however, it is discovered that more than half of these names are those of men who have no right whatever to play in a championship tournament, and who freely confess that their only reason for entering is in order to avail themselves of the privileges granted to competitors. Each year there is considerable talk about thinning out this dead wood, and limiting the entry to those players who have shown a certain amount of proficiency, but nothing is ever done. It would certainly not be desirable to bar from our national tournament any player who has shown proficiency, or even promise, in any section of the country. On the contrary, these are the ones who should be encouraged to enter, that thereby the finer points of the game may be learned and disseminated throughout the land. It is the duffer, the novice, and the man who handles a racquet perhaps half a dozen times a year, who has no ambition whatsoever, upon whom legislation should fall, and thereby insure a shorter, more interesting, and more satisfactory tournament.

New talent has been very slow of development in recent years. Since 1892, when Wrenn, Chace, and Larned came to the front with a bound, the same six or seven men have remained in the front rank year after year without a single infusion of young blood, and with a wide margin of superiority over the next class, until this year, when John Howland comes to the front with a rush. These leaders have been so constantly before the public, and have so dominated tennis affairs, that the necessity of developing new players to worthily fill the shoes of these, when they shall have run their brief race and retired on their honors, has hardly been considered. But the time is not far distant when a new generation of leading players must be evolved. Hovey and Hobart have played but little this season, and there is small prospect of our seeing either on the courts after this year. Chace and Wrenn will both be graduated next June, and each has announced his intention of going into business at once, so that their tournament lives are practically over. Larned is considering a trip abroad next year, and in that case would be away for at least a greater part of the season, while Howland, the latest recruit to the championship class, is studying medicine, and expects by next year to be so deeply engaged in the occupation of prolonging life that tennis will occupy no share of his attention.

The retirement of these experts will of necessity leave a wide gap in the tennis ranks, which cannot be filled immediately, and this condition of affairs indicates a remarkable degree of short-sightedness on the part of the officers of the National Lawn Tennis Association, who might naturally be supposed to take a warm interest in furthering the development of the game. I have preached State tournaments and handicap events in these columns on more than one occasion, and several of our crack players have written in support of the same conditions. State championships have been inaugurated, but there is room for a great many yet, and the only handicap event of any importance held this season was the annual one at Tuxedo Park, in connection with the invitation tournament. We shall never have a large class of players capable of showing championship or near to championship form until handicap events have become a feature of every large tournament, as is the case in England.

The only encouraging features of this season's tennis is the advent of several young players who give promise of great things when age and experience shall have ripened their powers. Among these are Leo Ware, and M. D. Whitman, the Massachusetts school-boys, who met in the semi-finals of the great Longwood tournament, and again in the finals at Newcastle. In the former case luck favored them greatly in the drawings, but it is no small achievement for these young fellows to reach the last rounds of so large a meeting. W. M. Scudder, of Chicago, is another youngster who will some day be heard from, and Fritz Ward, of Buffalo, has already acquired considerable reputation. Two still younger boys, R. H. Palmer and H. W. Herrick, a younger brother of Gerard Herrick, of Princeton, played a five-set match in the first round at Newport, in which tennis of no mean order was shown. Some of these boys are without doubt champions in embryo, but they are still in the chrysalis stage, and until their development is accomplished we are bound to pass through a number of seasons with our general standard of play, which is now none too high, considerably lowered. When this condition of affairs has fairly arrived, the conservative officers of the Association may awake to the necessity of prompt action on their part to prevent a total extinction of popular interest in the game.



"OLITA." HALF-RATER.

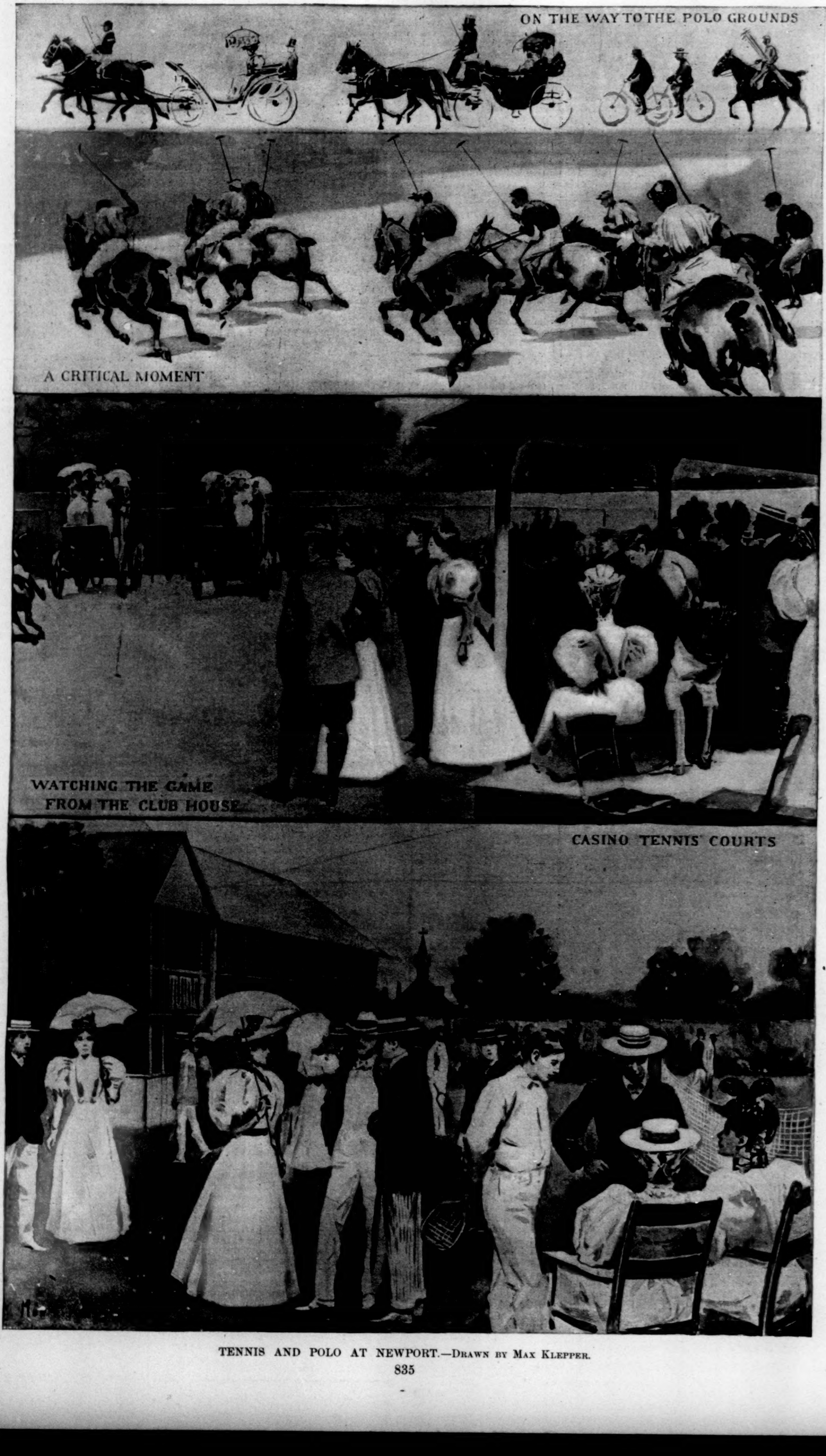
The most important contest of the first day's play was the doubles match between Hovey and Hobart, and Wrenn and Chace. The former had a decidedly off day, induced in no small measure by their opponents' methods. I do not believe that Wrenn and Chace made more than ten first returns during the entire match that were not lobs. They had evidently made up their minds that they could not win by straight tennis, and that their best chance was to restrict themselves entirely to lobbing. Rally after rally throughout the match found them sending up lob after lob, until Hobart or Hovey smashed the ball out of their reach, or, which was more frequently the case, into the net or out of court. This made an extremely uninteresting game to watch, and the great crowd of spectators—the largest ever seen on an opening day at Newport—was anything but enthused over the exhibition. There was an almost entire absence of the sharp, snappy rallies usually seen in a match between good players. Hovey's smashing was a long way below par, while a still more serious misfortune to the champion lay in Hobart's complete inability to control his swift ground strokes, his first return netting them very few aces. Hovey and Hobart started well and took the first two games, and came within a point of the third, but the lobbing of Wrenn and Chace began to take effect, and four straight games were quickly placed to their credit. The score reached 5–3 and forty love in favor of Wrenn and Chace, when Hobart and Hovey made a remarkable brace, and by brilliant smashing tied the score at five all. Then they fell off again, and the next two games went to Wrenn and Chace on their opponents' errors.

In the second set the lobbing of the challengers was, if possible, more incessant and accurate than in the first, ball after ball striking within a foot of the base-line. The holders apparently became exasperated at this stage and hit wildly, with the result that they secured but one game in this set. At the beginning of the third set they had recovered their composure, and for a time more than held their opponents, the score reading five games to three in their favor; but Chace and Wrenn were not to be denied, and soon tied the score, and finally ran out the set at 8–6. Wrenn and Chace have had the advantage of playing together at Southampton and Narragansett Pier, while Hobart and Hovey have not had any doubles practice together this season with the exception of the match at West Newton. However, it is doubtful if the lobbing game, in such almost perfect accuracy as played by Chace and Wrenn, would not be too much for Hovey and Hobart at their best. With the lob barred it would be another story.

John Howland changed his mind and decided to enter the All-Comers. He easily won three straight sets from J. P. Paret in the first round. Hovey played W. L. Jennings at the conclusion of the doubles match, and in his tired condition allowed his opponent one set. In this round also H. E. Avery, ex-champion of Canada, won one set from Carr Neel, as did G. L. Wrenn, a younger brother of the champion, from A. E. Foote. The surprise of the day was the rather close call for Larned in his match with A. W. Post. Larned complained of feeling sick and dizzy during a part of the match, and he certainly played in far below his true form. Post plays a steady consistent game, but not a particularly strong one, and he is probably unequal to the task of taking even one set from Larned at his best. In this match Post did little but return balls into the middle of Larned's court, and the two sets the latter lost can be laid to his entire inability to keep his returns inside the boundaries of his opponent's court, though given innumerable easy chances. Richard Stevens was taken seriously ill a day or two before the tournament began, and was obliged to default, his withdrawal giving Hovey an easy path to the semi-finals. The only other match in the first round worthy of particular mention was that between C. S. Millett and Evarts Wrenn (who won the Consolation last year), in which some very pretty tennis was shown. Millett won in straight sets, although Wrenn had a lead of five games to one in the first set.

In the second round G. W. Lee gave Chace quite a fight. The score was 6–4, 7–5, 9–7 in Chace's favor, but in each of the last two sets Lee led at 5–4. However, Chace evidently had something up his sleeve, and was at no time in any apparent danger. The Fischer-Talmage contest showed most uneven tennis, brilliant and indifferent by turns. Fischer played really excellent tennis in the last part of the third set, when he ran out from a lead of four love against him. The best match of this round was that between Howland and Millett. The first two sets were close and well played, but both went to Howland on his fierce smashing and severe backhanded cross-court drives. In the third set Millett, playing as I have never seen him play before, forced the game from the start, and though Howland fought hard and gamely, and came out ahead in some beautiful rallies, he could not hold Millett for the time being, and the latter took the set, 6–1. In the fourth and last set Howland easily turned the tables, Millett, who had played another match the same day, tiring perceptibly. Score, 6–3, 6–4, 1–6, 6–1. Millett gave an exhibition of good, clean, all-around playing, and is a promising man. The rest of the day's matches were for the most part one-sided, and no surprises were furnished.

(*Continued on page 836.*)



ON THE WAY TO THE POLO GROUNDS

A CRITICAL MOMENT

WATCHING THE GAME FROM THE CLUB HOUSE

CASINO TENNIS COURTS

TENNIS AND POLO AT NEWPORT.—Drawn by Max Klepper.

AMATEUR SPORT.—(*Continued from page 834.*)

(*Continued from page 834.*)

THE MATCH BETWEEN FOOTE AND WARE in the third round was remarkably close and interesting. Ware did almost all the playing, Foote simply returning until Ware missed. Ware's strokes are very finished, and his nerve and endurance seem to be excellent, but he should cultivate aggressiveness. I predict a brilliant career for him. Fischer gave Chace considerable trouble in this round, and if he had used a little more head-work he would certainly have taken one set, and possibly two. Fischer's driving and smashing were brilliant and hard, and Chace was on the defensive most of the time. Fischer depended on speed more than on placing in his smashes, the latter being so swift that Chace usually had to take them back of the base-line, this causing him to make many short lobs. Often Fischer could easily have blocked these off to one side or the other out of Chace's reach, but instead he would deliver himself of another tremendous smash, which would rise directly on to Chace's racket, and this would go on until Fischer, in a majority of cases, ended the point by smashing wildly. Fischer did not display much nerve, and seemed too easily discouraged.

When Chace met Neel in the next round he had apparently made up his mind that against the steady careful Western champion an offensive game would be more effective. Accordingly he started in driving swiftly, and getting to the net whenever possible. These methods did not intimidate Neel in the least. On his own serve he ran up from both corners, thus forcing Chace to stay back, and on the first return Chace did not succeed in passing him one time in ten. Even Campbell at his best was never so hard to pass, and Campbell only ran up when serving to the left court, which has always been considered the only safe side to attempt this feat. The first set Neel won, 6–4, mainly through Chace's mistakes. The second set went to Neel on his own superior playing. He gave a remarkable exhibition of steady brilliancy, scoring ace after ace on placed volleys, Chace getting but five points in as many games. Chace varied his game, but Neel seemed equally at home against lobs, drives, and net play, and steadily drew ahead. With the score five love against him, Chace took one game, and then Neel ran out the set. In the third set Neel continued his superb work until the score reached 4–0 in his favor. At this point Chace began to lob persistently and well, and drew up, rapidly bringing the score to four all. Then his lobs began to fall short, and Neel took the last two games on beautifully placed volleys. All through the match Neel played an even, well-rounded game, often reminding me of Goodbody, though he is a more graceful player than the Irish expert. Chace was at his best in driving and volleying, but his lobbing was more faulty than usual. The Howland-Budlong match, which was played on the championship court, was not an easy thing for Howland by any means. Each won a set, and Budlong had a lead of four games to one on the third, and was apparently outplaying the favorite, who was far from being at his best. But here Howland braced, and ran five straight games by clever net play, and Budlong was not able to make much of a stand in the fourth and last set. Score, 6–3, 2–6, 6–4, 6–3. Budlong has good fore-hand and back-hand strokes, but his volleying is extremely poor, and he must master this part of the game before he can rank with the leaders.

THE HOVEY–NEEL MATCH was the most interesting of the tournament thus far. Neel attempted to win on the same tactics he used so successfully against Chace, but as soon as Hovey got warmed up he began to score clean aces frequently on his first return, and seldom gave Neel a chance to kill outright. Hovey succeeded in getting his first service in with unusual regularity for him, and this aided him greatly in keeping Neel from the net, where he is strongest. Hovey was plainly nervous in the first game, in which he served, and it went to Neel on his outs. Hovey took the next three games on quick placing and terrific smashing. It began to look as if Neel was going to pieces, but he steadied down, and won two games by careful playing. Each won a game, and then Hovey went out on fierce aggressive playing, several times smashing the ball so hard that it bounded far above Neel's head. The second set was very similar to the first. The score reached four all again, and once more Hovey was good for the two necessary games. Neel did not seem to be as steady as he had been against Chace, but he was up against a man who was playing a brilliant offensive game, one far more calculated to break up his defence. Hovey, however, is noted for his uneven work, and he seldom plays through a match without going off for at least part of a set. He had not yet shown signs of breaking up, but a drop was ever anticipated, and there were many who fancied Neel's chances even at the end of the second set. It is certain that if Hovey had fallen off there is no man in this country who would be more likely to take every advantage of his poor play, and prevent him from regaining his form. This time, however, Hovey declined to lose his form, and continued his fast play, passing Neel with even greater frequency than at first. Neel did not weaken as the score went against him, but continued to play the same steady, careful game. The games alternated until three all was called; then Hovey put on extra pace, and the next two games were his on some irresistible smashes that Neel tried vainly to reach. With defeat staring him in the face, Neel went in and made four pretty places, winning the ninth game to love, but Hovey took the set and match in the tenth game, winding up with a place to the corner out of Neel's reach. Score, 6–4, 6–4, 6–4.

THE LARNED–HOWLAND MATCH was remarkable for hard hitting, the ground strokes and smashes of both men being unusually severe. Larned had entirely recovered from the indisposition which handicapped him in his match with Post, and was at his best, and I have seldom seen Howland play better. These men had met four times before this year, and Larned had won three times, but every contest between them had been close and exciting, and this match was no exception to the general rule. Larned seemed to strike his gait quicker than Howland, and in the first set the score reached five games to three in his favor. Then Howland began playing with great accuracy, his passing down the line back-handed being quite remarkable, and five all was called. Larned discovered that there was no use in playing to Howland's back-hand, and tried his fore-hand with good results, taking the next two games with ease. The second set was hard fought to the end. Howland kept at the net and did some very creditable volleying, while Larned seemed content to stay in the back court, though he had won the first set by sticking to the net. With the score 4–2 against him, Larned discovered his mistake, and, coming to the net, scored two games on brilliant volleys. Games alternated to six all, and then Larned went out on one of his invincible streaks. The third set was soon over. Larned playing as only he can play, forced the game from the start, and Howland was powerless to stem the attack. The sixth game was the only one Howland could win, and Larned went out to fifteen on his serve, scoring the last point on a clean ace. Score, 7–5, 8–6, 6–1.

THE CLASS OF CRAFT, so small as hardly to be called yachts, which has sprung up this year to meet the challenge of *Spruce IV.* for the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club's International Challenge Cup promises some close and exciting racing, and at the same time some valuable results. Under the conditions agreed to by both parties the yachts are to measure not over 15 feet racing length by the Seawanhaka rule, the races are to be without time allowance, and the starts are to be from a single gun. The designers of the ten or twelve boats which are likely to enter the trial races this week are thus left free in the selection of type, dimensions, and proportions of length and sail area, giving a wide range for experiment, while at the same time the equality of measurement must insure a very fair test. The types include several fin-keels—one, *Trilby*, exceptionally wide, while the two Herreshoff fins, *Osprey* and *Trust Me*, are rather narrow. One of the most promising of the light-draught centreboard type is *Olita*, designed and built by N. G. Herreshoff, for Vice-Commodore H. C. Rouse, of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club, a beautiful piece of construction in double-skin mahogany. She is about 15 feet water-line, 6 feet beam, and some 8 inches draught without her centreboard—a plate of Tobin bronze weighing 80 pounds. She has a mainsail and jib of the Herreshoff cross-cut pattern. In the races she will be handled by two old canoe-sailors, Mr. C. B. Vaux and R. B. Burchard, of the New York Canoe Club. Unlike many new boats, the fore overhang is longer than the after, the latter being cut off quite short. The racing is likely to determine an interesting question as to the superiority of the wide model permissible in a centreboard boat over the narrow model, generally considered to be necessary in a fin-keel, in craft so small that the weight of the crew must be the principal ballast. The indications are that, with the limited sail allowed, two men to windward can hold the boat up without the added displacement and drag of the fin and lead bulb.

HOWEVER MUCH OPINIONS MAY DIFFER as to the number of minutes by which *Vigilant* has been improved over her old form, and the number of minutes by which *Defender* can beat *Vigilant*, there has been left so little ground for doubt as to the all-around superiority of *Defender* as to make her selection by the committee a matter of certainty and the sailing of trial races unnecessary. The one point still in doubt, and that a very material one, is the strength of *Defender*, thus far not satisfactorily tested in the light or moderate winds in which nearly all of her sailing has been done. The trial races, then, set for August 20th, 22d, and possibly 24th, were looked to mainly as a means to the further development of *Defender's* speed, and at the same time a necessary test of her strength, should the weather prove favorable. The start of the first trial race was made at 11.45, *Vigilant* crossing 56 sec. later, while *Defender*, some distance away, did not cross until 11.46.53. Both carried all lower sail and club-topsails, *Vigilant* setting a baby jib-topsail. There was a good breeze at the start, freshening steadily, and blowing harder offshore than near the beach. Both yachts crossed on the starboard tack, *Vigilant* standing away offshore, but *Defender* at once came about and stood inshore away from her rival. *Defender* soon came about to windward of *Vigilant's* wake and began to overhaul her, standing up better in the freshening breeze and going easier through the sea, which by this time was piling up offshore. After half an hour on this tack, *Defender* was so far ahead that she easily crossed *Vigilant's* bows when the latter came about, and crossed the line at 2.04.29, with a lead of 4 min. 3 sec., or a loss of 1 min. 33 sec. off the wind. The conditions for a thororough trial were so favorable that the committee set the signals for a second round, and *Defender* started again on the wind, this time heading inshore. After some fifteen minutes, however, she eased off her sheets and headed for Sandy Hook, giving up the race. *Vigilant* sailed on, but was finally overtaken by the committee and instructed to discontinue the race, she being declared the winner. *Defender's* withdrawal was due to the giving way of her mast-head iron-work, the band which supports the shrouds having drawn so far down the mast as to leave the shrouds slack and the mast almost unsupported. *Defender* was sent to Bristol at once, where a new and larger mast will be shipped in time, it is hoped, for new trials this week. The present race gives further proof of *Defender's* superiority to *Vigilant* in speed, but throws serious doubts on the question of her strength.

THE ARRIVAL OF "VALKYRIE" had been anticipated. She anchored at 10 P.M. of August 18th off Liberty Island. All yachts which have previously crossed the Atlantic from either side have carried their racing-mast, with a short topmast and bowsprit, but *Valkyrie* carried a short mainmast and a comparatively long mizzenmast, the latter stepped forward of the rudder-head, making a "ketch" rig, a most serviceable and effective one for the purpose. The work of fitting out was begun early Monday morning. So fast was it pushed that the yacht went into the dock on Tuesday morning with all her rigging set up and topmast aloft, and with her steel boom slung. This spar is a novelty in yachting, being built up of six segments of $\frac{3}{16}$-inch nickel steel, the edges of each segment being turned outward, forming flanges through which the rivets are placed. While quite as stiff as an Oregon pine boom the steel-built spar is lighter by a ton. With her beam of 26 feet *Valkyrie* has a more powerful section than *Defender*, while her draught is greater by some few inches, being quite 20 feet. The great length, however, gives an opportunity for easy fore-and-aft lines, which Mr. Watson has fully utilized, producing a form that is capable of high speed, and that has the driving power necessary to such speed.

THE POINT JUDITH COUNTRY CLUB displayed a commendable spirit of enterprise by putting a polo team into the field so late in the season, and although it was badly defeated, it showed a sportsmanlike spirit worthy of emulation. The club further showed a true interest in the advancement of the game by offering handsome cups to be contested for, one for teams exceeding twenty goals, and one for teams not exceeding twenty goals. The first match for these cups was played on August 7th, at Narragansett Pier, between the Point Judith Country Club team and the Myopia 2d. This match, however, was not finished, because at the end of the second period it was so very evident that the home team had no chance whatever against their opponents that it was considered advisable to surrender the field for the match between the Newport team, representing the Westchester Polo Club, and the Wanderers, representing the Rockaway Club. The former was composed of W. C. Eustis, Reginald Brooks, Moses Taylor, and Albert Francke, each one handicapping 4 goals, which made a total of 16. The Wanderers were handicapped 15 goals, as follows: H. Phelps, 2; H. R. Vingut, 4; L. J. Francke, 5; E. W. Roby, 4. The Wanderers earned 9 goals, were allowed 1 by handicap, and lost half a goal by penalties, making their total $9\frac{1}{2}$ goals. Newport earned 8, losing a quarter by penalties, which brought their score only to $7\frac{3}{4}$. Although the game might appear somewhat unequal from the score, the play was pretty uniform, as all the men are of about equal ability. On the whole, it was well worth watching.

THE FINALS BETWEEN THE WANDERERS and Myopia 2d were played off on Friday, the latter winning 12 to $4\frac{1}{2}$. The Myopia 1st then met the Rockaway 1st for the Point Judith Challenge Cups, and the Rockaway team took these by half a goal only, but they deserved the victory. They earned 11 goals and lost a quarter by penalties, which made their final score $10\frac{3}{4}$, whereas Myopia earned only 6 goals, being allowed 5 by handicap, and lost three-quarter goal by penalty. This made their total score $10\frac{1}{4}$. The individual play in this match was excellent all the way through, with the exception of R. T. Francke. Cowdin put up an exceptionally good game, and Eustis showed himself in far better than his usual form. In fact, he probably never played so well before. Rutherford rode very roughly, and for the good of the game he certainly ought to modify these tactics, especially as on two occasions already he has knocked over men of his own side. The crowd that watched this game was greater than any that has witnessed a polo event this year.

THE TOURNAMENT EVENTS THEN MOVED to Newport, beginning there August 13th. The first game to be played was between the Freebooters, representing the Meadow Brook Club, handicapping 14 goals, and the Newport team, representing the Westchester Polo Club, handicapping 16 goals. The Freebooters were made up of about the same material as the Wanderers, and in this game the tables were turned, the Newport team winning against those who had defeated them at Narragansett Pier. The score was 8 to 3, both sides losing a quarter goal by penalties. The defeat of the Freebooters was entirely due to their loose play and lack of team-work. If they had paid as much attention to team-work as they did the week before they could probably have repeated their former victory. When Myopia 1st met Rockaway 1st under the same conditions on the 14th, the Myopia players showed a great improvement in form. Rockaway was well defended, too, for Cowdin, Rutherford, and Kean put up a splendid game. Francke was, unfortunately, not in good form on account of his fall a few days previous; but, notwithstanding this, the Rockaway men made 10 goals to Myopia's 9, although by the handicapping they lost the match to the latter.

THE FEATURE OF THE PLAY between the Newport team and the Myopia 2d, two days later, was the work of H. H. Holmes, a no-goal man. He promises to be a high-class player, and is bound to develop; even now his play contributes much toward the success of his team. On this occasion Newport was handicapped 16 goals to Myopia's 12. Holmes, being an unknown quantity, was largely responsible for this somewhat unequal state of affairs. The event plainly showed that an unknown player ought never to be allowed to enter with a zero after his name. Some sort of handicapping should be given anyway. It would be a good thing if the Polo Association would adopt a rule that every new player shall be handicapped, say, two or three goals, until he establishes his status with the other players, when he can be handicapped according to his merits. In the game between Newport and Myopia 2d, Holmes had no handicap, and his team was allowed 4 goals. The score was $11\frac{3}{4}$ to 6. It is evident that if Holmes had been handicapped slightly the score would have given a better idea of the relative excellence of the teams. Another man who showed up well in this game was George V. L. Meyer, who should not be confounded (as he has been by the daily papers) with George L. Myers. Meyer is from Boston, whereas Myers is a New-Yorker, and did not play at Newport at all. Fay of Myopia 2d has greatly improved his game in the past month, and has some very fast ponies. He has been most successful in his work this year, having been a member of the winning team in four final cup events.

THE FINAL EVENT for the Westchester Polo Club's Cup was played off on the 17th between the Country Clubs of Westchester, which had drawn the bye, and the Myopia 1st, the winners of Wednesday's game. It was an exceedingly close contest. Both the Waterburys played in great form. Potter, too, gave a fine exhibition of skill; but Reynal did not put up his usual game, his direction especially being very bad. In the first period Myopia outplayed the Westchester team; in the second period both teams made an equal number of goals, but the Country Club men showed very much better form. In the last period Myopia made three goals, while Westchester only scored one, but this was not enough to overcome their handicap of 6. The final score shows that Myopia won 8 goals, lost one-quarter goal by penalties, making a total of $7\frac{3}{4}$; the Country Club of Westchester earned 3 goals, and, being allowed 6 by handicap, showed a total of 9. The final championship games of the year will be played during the last week in September in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and it is probable that the four competing teams will be the Rockaway 1st, the Myopia 1st, the Country Club of Westchester, and Meadow Brook. This is to be played without handicap, and is for a gold cup, presented by Mr. William Waldorf Astor through the Tuxedo Club, to be held one year by the winning team. The Polo Association will add four individual cups each year to be won outright. Preparations of the field have already begun at Prospect Park, and with the generous aid of the Department of Parks the Association expects to have an almost perfect ground, which, with sixteen of the crack players of the country in a flat event, should draw a vast crowd to this beautiful public pleasure-ground.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

"THE ELEMENTS OF NAVIGATION."—BY W. J. HENDERSON.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, CLOTH, $1 00.—HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

DISTRESSING DISEASES OF THE SKIN

Instantly Relieved and Speedily Cured by

Cuticura

Speedy Cure Treatment.—Warm baths, with Cuticura Soap, gentle applications of Cuticura (ointment), and mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent (the new blood purifier).

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. Newbery & Sons, London. Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

WHITE ROSE
TRADE No 4711 MARK
GLYCERINE-SOAP

SHIELD
Yourself against all Impurities of the **SKIN** By USING
No 4711 WHITE ROSE Glycerine Soap.
DELICACY OF PERFUME.
NO ROSIN.
U. S. Agents,
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, N. Y.

Financial.

Letters of Credit.

Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
Bankers, No. 59 Wall Street.

SEARCH LIGHT

The only perfect **Bicycle Lantern,** burns kerosene ten hours; central draft; flame adjustable **R. P. SEARLE** says:

"I was only able to make the speed of 15 miles an hour in the dark because I used your lamp, which I consider the best in the world today."

Sold by **A. G. SPALDING & BROS.**, and all live cycle dealers, or delivered by mfrs. **Price $5.**

BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO., Bridgeport, Conn.

RHODES'S
United States
Vol. III.

History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850. By James Ford Rhodes. Vol. III., 1860–62. With Maps. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $2 50. Vols. I. and II., published in 1892, $5 00.

If there is a book now in course of publication which supplies an urgent want, it is the "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850," by James Ford Rhodes. . . . It was high time that the service herein rendered by the author of this work should have been performed.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Mr. Rhodes's pages bring before us a vivid picture of what we were forty years ago. . . . The author's candid and impartial spirit are as evident as his intelligence.—*N. Y. Times.*

In no single publication can the student of American politics obtain a more satisfactory and reliable account of the slavery agitation beginning with the Compromise measures of 1850 and culminating in civil war a decade thereafter than in the first two volumes issued by Mr. Rhodes. . . . The third volume, now before us, fully maintains the high character and complete research of the first two volumes. . . . We have not seen in any volume relating to the war anything approaching the exhaustive research and dispassionate effort at accuracy exhibited by Mr. Rhodes, and his copious notes referring the reader to his authority for every important statement.—*Philadelphia Times.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

High Grade. Up to Date.
$65. **$75.**

THE HORSMAN BICYCLES
embrace many new features readily appreciated by experienced riders, foremost among which are the quick inspection ball bearings.

Examine these wheels before buying.
Agents wanted. Illustrated Circular free.
E. I. HORSMAN, 341 Broadway, N. Y.

A Request.

Readers of *Harper's Weekly* will please mention the *Weekly* when answering advertisements contained therein.

THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC

VIN MARIANI

FORTIFIES
NOURISHES
STIMULATES
REFRESHES
Body and **Brain**

Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.
AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.
Sent Free, Album, 75 PORTRAITS and AUTOGRAPHS of Celebrities.
MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th St., New York.

For Beauty,
For comfort, for improvement of the complexion, use only Pozzoni's Powder; there is nothing equal to it.

Natural domestic Champagnes are now very popular. A fine brand called "Golden Age" is attracting attention.

The Twin Restoratives
—sleep and

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

TRADE MARK.

Beauty, health and vigor come from drinking this palatable tonic. The blood is made brisk; the appetite sharpened. Taken before retiring it induces refreshing slumber. It is full of the nourishment needed by nursing mothers.

To be had at all Druggists' and Grocers'.

Prepared by
ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N,
St. Louis, U. S. A.

Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets and other reading matter.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Supreme Court of Washington, D. C. has awarded to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n. the disputed Highest Score of award with Medal and Diploma of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

Aids Digestion. **Improves the Appetite.** **Clears the Throat.**
Established 1869. Capital $1,000,000.00. Patented 1871.

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI

CHEWING GUM.

Save the coupons in each Five-cent package. Adams & Sons are the originators of the now world-famed Chewing Gums. ALL OTHERS ARE IMITATIONS.

ADAMS & SONS CO., Sands Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
CHICAGO, ILL. TORONTO, ONT. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LONDON, ENG.

The New No. 2 Smith Premier Typewriter

"Improvement the Order of the Age."

HAVE YOU EXAMINED IT?

Many Improvements Heretofore Overlooked by Other Manufacturers.

Address

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD
THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER
TRADE MARK

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A. (Branch Offices in 29 principal cities in the United States.)

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR 1893.

Exact Size.

The Brunswick

DOWNTOWN DEPOT SURBRUG, 159 FULTON ST. N.Y.

Perfecto.

THE LEADING HAVANA CIGAR of the United States. Sold in every State in the Union. Equal to any imported cigar. We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them, send $1.00 for sample box of ten. Send money by registered mail.

JACOB STAHL, Jr., & CO., Makers, 168th St. and 3d Ave., New York City.

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY,
OF PHILADELPHIA.

Insurance in Force, $104,000,000. Assets, $27,049,118.95.

In everything which makes Life Insurance safe, desirable, and moderate in cost the Provident is unsurpassed. Agents carefully trained and instructed.

GOUT?
For Sale by Druggists.
Pamphlet Free.
LEHN & FINK, Agents, New York.

SCHERING'S PIPERAZIN WATER

RECOMMENDED FOR
Gravel, Calculus, Lazy Liver, and all Uric Acid Troubles.
WILL CURE IT.

Turn it
Upside down.
Drink it all.
There are no dregs.

C. H. EVANS & SONS
INDIA PALE ALE
HUDSON, N.Y.

The success of over one hundred years of brewing is embodied in

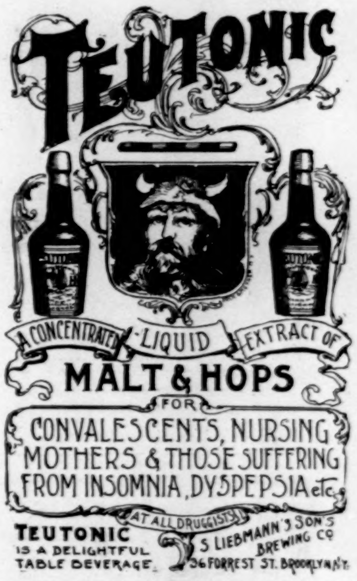
Evans' India Pale Ale.

The drink for all who love good things.

Allowed two years to ripen in the Wood before bottling.
Rich as Cream.
Without Sediment.
Free from False Ferments.

For Sale Everywhere.

C. H. EVANS & SONS,
Brewery and Bottling Works,
HUDSON, NEW YORK.



TEUTONIC
A CONCENTRATED LIQUID EXTRACT OF
MALT & HOPS
FOR
CONVALESCENTS, NURSING MOTHERS & THOSE SUFFERING FROM INSOMNIA, DYSPEPSIA etc.
AT ALL DRUGGISTS
TEUTONIC IS A DELIGHTFUL TABLE BEVERAGE
S LIEBMANN'S SON'S BREWING CO
36 FORREST ST. BROOKLYN N.Y.

The Automatic Reel

THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT.
THE AUTOMATIC REEL

The Little Finger Does it.

It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel. *Manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod.*

Send for Catalogue.
Please mention this paper.
YAWMAN & ERBE,
Rochester, N. Y.

A record of over half a century is a guarantee that cannot be questioned.

Every article used in

PHOTOGRAPHY

may be obtained from us.

CAMERAS

in every style, at all prices.

FREE. Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue mailed FREE on application.

"Anthony's Photographic Bulletin," per year, $2.
"The International Annual for 1895," 75 cents.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

I do use **WRIGHT'S ANTISEPTIC MYRRH TOOTH SOAP,** and I do have **BEAUTIFUL TEETH** and a sweet breath. Preserves the enamel. Heals the gums. Removes tartar. It's entirely free from acids, and all smart Dentists recommend its constant use. We're not afraid to send you a trial sample free. Write. Large box for 25 cents in stamps. **LOOK OUT!** There are imitations. Put up in elegant china boxes, and decorated tin boxes for travellers.

WRIGHT & CO., Chemists
Detroit, Mich.

SORE EYES Dr ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Beecham's pills for constipation 10¢ and 25¢. Get the book at your druggist's and go by it.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.